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Country Life

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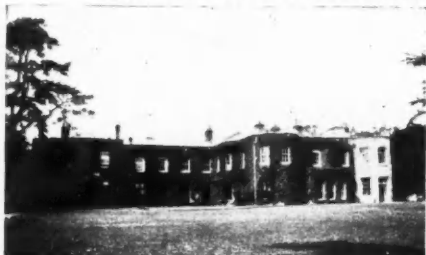
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Between Basingstoke and Reading. ½ mile from station.



On 2 floors only. 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 good reception. Main electricity. Stabling. Garage. MODERN COTTAGE. Well timbered gardens of

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In first-class order and approached from a quiet lane.

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FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH
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Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall and domestic offices, 17 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electric light available. Garage for 2 cars (room over). Stabling for 4 horses. Grounds with 2 grass tennis courts. Kitchen garden. Extensive woodland. Suitable for a school or institution.

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Large areas of growing timber. COMFORTABLE SHOOTING LODGE with modern fittings. 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. The Deer Forest averages 18 Stags in the season. **GOOD FISHING IN THE SEA AND LOCHS**. ROUGH SHOOTING.—Further particulars from the agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,300.)

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In an excellent social and sporting district, near a small country town and about 300ft. above sea level.

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3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electric light, Coy.'s water and gas. Main drainage. Central heating.

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BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE WITH CAPITAL DAIRY FARM. LONG STRETCH OF TROUT FISHING

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IN SPOTLESS ORDER
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4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms. Well-fitted bathroom. Electricity.

Plentiful water supply, drainage.

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Magnificent trees, pasture, etc.

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In splendid order, situated in small park, short motor ride
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Total Area 96 ACRES. PRICE £8,000 (or near offer)
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3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms,
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Main electric light, gas, water and
drainage.



Garage for 2 cars.

Walled garden, tennis lawn and
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THE HOUSE CONTAINS 3 RECEPTION, 5 BEDROOMS, 2 TILED BATHROOMS,
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A LUXURY HOME ON A SMALL SCALE

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The Grounds are inexpensive to maintain and include lawn, sunk rose garden, lily pool, natural garden well shrubbed with rhododendrons. The whole extending to an area of nearly

2 ACRES PRICE £7,500 FREEHOLD

For further particulars apply Fox & Sons, 52, Poole Road, Bournemouth West.

BOURNEMOUTH WEST

Enjoying a delightful position amidst charming surroundings, close to the chimes and beach and having magnificent uninterrupted sea views.

CHARMING MODERN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE



HAVING ALL UP-TO-DATE CONVENIENCES

5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, dining room, drawing room, oak panelled lounge hall, maids' sitting room, kitchen and compact domestic offices.

Garage. All main services

Well laid out garden, extending to cliff edge.

PRICE £5,000 FREEHOLD

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By direction of the Administrators of the Estate of the late A. W. Hutt, Esq.

CENTRAL BOURNEMOUTH

Occupying a delightfully secluded position in a favoured residential neighbourhood and conveniently placed within two minutes' walk of a main bus route and close to golf course at Meyrick Park.



THE ATTRACTIVE DETACHED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE "THE BRAE"

21, ST. WINIFRED'S ROAD, Bournemouth. 5 bedrooms, bathroom, lounge hall, billiards room, 2 reception rooms, complete domestic offices. Ample space for garage. Charming garden. All public services. Gravel soil. To be SOLD by AUCTION upon the premises, on Wednesday, October 1st, 1941, at 3 p.m. (unless previously disposed of).

Solicitors: Messrs. G. A. MOORING, ALDRIDGE & BROWNLEE, Kingsway House, 13, Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and 89, Wimborne Road, Winton, Bournemouth. Auctioneers, Messrs. Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

TALBOT WOODS, BOURNEMOUTH

Almost adjoining Meyrick Park Golf Course and close to the centre of the town.

TO BE SOLD

THIS DELIGHTFUL MODERN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE



SITUATE IN A FAVOURED DISTRICT AMIDST CHARMING SURROUNDINGS

6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, hall with oak flooring, complete domestic offices.

Double garage. Part central heating. All main services. South aspect.

ATTRACTIVE MATURED GARDEN

PRICE £3,500 FREEHOLD

For further details apply Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

BOSCOMBE MANOR ESTATE, BOURNEMOUTH

Occupying an unique position just off the sea front. All principal rooms having south aspect. A DELIGHTFUL FREEHOLD RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER built under Architect's supervision and overlooking the grounds of the beautiful Shelley Park.

The conveniently planned accommodation comprises 4 principal and 2 staff bedrooms, 3 tiled bathrooms, recreation room (26 ft. by 14 ft. 6 in.), imposing hall and dining room, study, lounge, tiled kitchen and excellent offices.

Basins (hot and cold water) in all principal bedrooms, handsome and costly fireplaces, steel casement windows.

Large garage.

All public services.

The Garden forms one of the most delightful features of the property, being beautifully laid out with woodland walks, rockeries, well-made paths, lawns, flower beds, herbaceous borders and small kitchen garden.

PRICE £4,500 FREEHOLD

For particulars apply Fox & Sons, 739, Christchurch Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth.



BOURNEMOUTH

In the favourite West Southbourne district, close to the sea front, shops and 'bus route.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

THIS WELL-BUILT DETACHED RESIDENCE

Containing 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiards room (27ft. by 18ft.), complete domestic offices.

Central heating.

All public services.

2 garages.

Delightful matured garden.

PRICE £2,850 FREEHOLD

For particulars apply Fox & Sons, 6, Southbourne Grove, West Southbourne, B'mouth



BEAUTIFUL TALBOT WOODS, BOURNEMOUTH

Within a short distance of the Meyrick Park Golf Course and Melville Park Tennis Courts. Close to trolley bus route to the centre of the town.

THIS WELL-BUILT FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

containing 5 bedrooms (2 with basins, hot and cold water), well fitted bathroom, 3 reception rooms, sun lounge, kitchen and excellent offices.

Garage with wash-down.

All public services.

Principal rooms face south. Particularly delightful garden laid out with lawn, flower borders and kitchen and fruit gardens.

PRICE £2,300 FREEHOLD

For particulars apply Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.



EXCELLENT FREEHOLD FARM FOR INVESTMENT AND PROSPECTIVE APPRECIATION

"DAIRY FARM," CROFTON HALL ESTATE
NEAR WAKEFIELD, YORKSHIRE

FIRST-CLASS DAIRY AND CORN FARM WITH ATTRACTIVE FARM HOUSE AND AMPLE BUILDINGS.

122 ACRES

LET AT £129 PER ANNUM. TITHE £23.

PRICE £2,200 FREEHOLD

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62/64, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

West Byfleet
and Haslemere
Offices

A REALLY BEAUTIFUL MINIATURE ESTATE ON THE CONFINES OF SUSSEX AND KENT

Under an hour London. 350ft. above sea level. Unspoilt Country. Marvellous views.

c.4



Staircase and inner halls, 4 fine reception rooms.
Indoor theatre and squash court. 12 bed and dressing
rooms, 4 bathrooms. Model offices.

Central heating. Co.'s water. Electric light and power,
etc. Garages. Stabling. Entrance lodge. 2 cottages.

WONDERFUL PARKLIKE GROUNDS

Hard and grass courts. Rockeries. Sloping lawns.
Well-stocked kitchen garden, grass and woodlands.
in all about

60 ACRES

REASONABLE PRICE
FOR FREEHOLD

HARRODS, LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.
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CHELMSFORD ABOUT 5 MILES c.3
CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE AND PLEASURE FARM

*Convenient to an unspoilt village, amidst pleasant rural surroundings. Express service to
Town from Chelmsford in about 45 minutes.*



4 reception, 8 bedrooms,
2 bathrooms.

Modern drainage. Electric
light. Company's water.
Central heating.

Garage. Stabling. Farm
buildings. 2 cottages.

Well matured pleasure
grounds with large kitchen
garden, orchard, pasture
land, small area of arable,
in all

ABOUT 90 ACRES

REASONABLE PRICE FOR QUICK SALE

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CHIPPENHAM DISTRICT c.2
TYPICAL WILTSHIRE MANOR HOUSE

*Convenient for village and local station, and 6 miles from market town and main line
connection.*

STONE BUILT AND
WITH STONE SLAB
ROOF.

FACING SOUTH-WEST.
PLEASANT OUTLOOK.

3 reception, 9 bedrooms,
2 bathrooms.

Main water.
Central heating.

Own acetylene gas.
Garage for 4. Stabling
for 8. Lodge.

Matured gardens and
grounds with paddock,
in all

ABOUT 5 ACRES



FREEHOLD £5,000

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Amidst unspoilt surroundings. On the confines of a large Estate. About 75 minutes train journey from London.



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OF IRRESISTIBLE CHARM AND CHARACTER, MODERNISED AND BROUGHT THOROUGHLY UP-TO-DATE.

HALL, 2 RECEPTION ROOMS, 5 BEDROOMS, BATHROOM. COMPLETE OFFICES. ELECTRIC LIGHT. GOOD WATER, ETC. GARAGE.

INEXPENSIVE BUT ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS, LAWNS, KITCHEN GARDEN, ETC.

IN ALL 1 ACRE

ONLY £3,000 FREEHOLD

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ABOUT ONE MILE TROUT FISHING
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In that beautiful stretch of country between Dorchester and Blandford.

ONE OF THE MOST LOVELY HOMES IN THE COUNTY

(Sometime the subject of an illustrated article in "Country Life.")



Modernised and re-condi-
tioned without in any way
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characteristic features of
the historic house.

4 reception, 12 bedrooms,
4 bathrooms.

Very complete offices.

Excellent water. Electric
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Garages. Stabling.
Gardener's cottage.

Home Farm with house,
farmery and 5 cottages.

Wonderful gardens and
grounds, farm of 300
acres (let off).

IN ALL ABOUT 334 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT A TEMPTING PRICE OR THE HOUSE AND
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ON THE BRENDON HILLS c.3

*Magnificent situation, about 11 miles from Dulverton, Somerset. Panoramic views over
beautiful country.*

GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

3 reception, 9 bed and
dressing rooms,
nurseries,
2 bathrooms.

Electric light and modern
conveniences.

GARAGE.

COTTAGES.

PARKLIKE GARDENS
AND GROUNDS
WITH LAWN.

Kitchen garden, orchard,
meadowland,

IN ALL
ABOUT 22 ACRES



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WELL MATURED WOODLAND IN CONVENIENT PARCELS.

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IMPORTANT MAIN ROAD GARAGE WITH COTTAGE.

MANY POTENTIAL BUILDING SITES

NUMEROUS COTTAGES AND SMALL HOUSES INCLUDING SOME IN IMPORTANT POSITIONS IN THE TOWN OF FAVERSHAM.

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Chapel Brampton, 4 miles from Northampton.

AN IMPORTANT 3 DAYS' SALE OF THE MAJOR PORTION OF THE

CONTENTS OF THE MANSION

comprising the furnishings of 18 bedrooms, hall, 3 reception rooms, domestic offices, etc., and including a number of choice antique pieces, among which are an Adam Sideboard, set of 6 Hepplewhite Dining Chairs, 2 carved Oak Court Cupboards, 2 Louis XIV carved Oak Armoires, Chippendale carved gilt Mirror, Silver and Plate, China and Glass, Books (including Lilford's Birds), Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Linen, Garden and Outdoor Effects. Saddlery, Atco Lawn Mower, Hillman Car, etc., etc.

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77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1.

£2,750 FREEHOLD Part can remain SOUTH CORNWALL— SAFETY AREA

2½ miles from sea. Few minutes' walk town and station.
ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE
Cavity brick, architect built.
3 reception, bathroom, 5/6 bedrooms. All main services.
Telephone. Large garage. ½ acre gardens.
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WEST SURREY

Secluded but only 10 minutes from bus service.
FOR SALE

CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE
4 reception, 3 bathrooms, 9 bedrooms, 4 fitted wash-basins.
Central heating. Main e.l. and water. "Aga" cooker.
Excellent order throughout.
LARGE GARAGE. DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS.
Rock garden, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, pasture
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7 ACRES
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (14,444.)

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20 MILES FROM LONDON

but quite rural, close to miles of common lands, 2 miles golf
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EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD MODERN RESIDENCE
with well-proportioned rooms. Central heating. Main water
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4 reception, 3 bathrooms, 11 bedrooms.
GARAGES. EXCELLENT STABLING. 3 COTTAGES.
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2 tennis courts, rock garden, kitchen garden, paddock and
pasture.

19 ACRES. WOULD DIVIDE.

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UP TO £7,000 available for purchase of COUNTRY
HOUSE (5/10 bed) with cottage, stabling, etc. and
from 5 to 150 acres, in North Wales, Cheshire or Shropshire.
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£2,500 FREEHOLD Might Let Unfurnished SURREY—EASY DAILY ACCESS LONDON

Beautiful position on hillside with charming outlook.

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3 reception, bathroom, 6 bedrooms, 2 fitted basins. Main
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1½ ACRES

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CHARMING GEORGIAN HOUSE

4 reception, 2 bathrooms, 10 bedrooms. Main electricity
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TAUNTON 1½ MILES.

Delightful house of character, all on 2 floors. 3 reception, maid's sitting-room, 5 bedrooms, fitted basins, bathroom. Garage, stabling. Pretty walled gardens and ORCHARD nearly 2 acres.

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GREAT BARGAIN GEORGIAN FARMHOUSE

(3 reception, 7 bed, bath, main water, gas), nearly 60 ACRES grass. Good buildings.

ONLY £2,500

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Hall, 2 reception, 4 bedrooms. Bath. Electric light. Garage. Farmery.

16 ACRES. ONLY £2,900.

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SOUND INVESTMENT—POSSESSION AFTER THE WAR.

LOVELY OLD TUDOR HOUSE

5 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 sitting rooms, main electricity. Wonderful views over the Teme Valley. Lovely old barn, in perfect order, **SPLENDID FARM BUILDINGS**—82 acres, rich pasture, now producing £175 per annum.

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NEAR TAUNTON, SOMERSET. BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE of Ham stone with mullioned windows. 3 reception, 8 bed, 2 baths; main services; every convenience; "Esse" cooker, etc.; stabling; cottage; lovely gardens; fine timber; paddock; 10 Acres. First to Offer £3,000 secures (little over half cost).

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HAMPSHIRE

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Royal Anchor Hotel
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ROSS-ON-WYE
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LITTLE GADDSDEN
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ST. IVES, Golden Lion Hotel

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SEVENOAKS, RIVERHEAD
The Amherst Arms Hotel
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George Hotel
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LLANGIBBY, Court Bloddyn

NORFOLK

BLAKENEY, Blakeney Hotel

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The Hotel

SOMERSET

BATH, Lansdown Grove Hotel
MINEHEAD
Beach Hotel
Hotel Metropole
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STAFFORDSHIRE

ECLESALL (near)
The Bull Inn
House.
UTTOXETER
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BURY ST. EDMUNDS
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BRIGHTON
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CROSS-IN-HAND
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CROWBOURGH
Crest Hotel, Tel. 394
The Beacon Hotel
EASTBOURNE
Alexandra Hotel
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HOVE
Prince's Hotel
Dudley Hotel
LEWES
White Hart Hotel
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New Grand Hotel

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BANCHORY
Tor-na-Coille Hotel

MORAYSHIRE

GRANTWATON-ON-SPEY
Grant Arms Hotel

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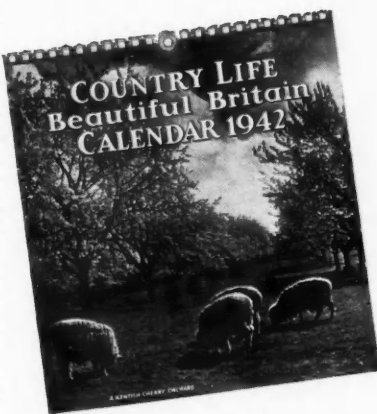
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COUNTRY LIFE

AUGUST 29, 1941



MADAME MAISKY

Cecil Beaton

Madame Maisky was married in 1922 and her husband became the Ambassador of the U.S.S.R. in Great Britain ten years later. This photograph was taken at the Embassy, 13, Kensington Palace Gardens, W.8

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE FARM WAGE PROBLEM

DEBATES on the Adjournment usually end with a count-out and do not get much serious public attention. That before the Summer Recess was no exception; but, like others of its kind, it merited more notice than it has had. There is a very good case to be made—and Mr. Tom Smith made it very well—for keeping a watchful eye on the value of agricultural wages as compared with those of the rest of the industrial community, especially in a time when considerations of national safety must be paramount. And things are obviously tending towards disparity. Mr. Smith claimed that the rise in cost of living alone justified an increase in the farm minimum wage from 48s. to £3. The discussion of this question is now postponed until November 3 ("They ought to have made it the Fifth," said Mr. Smith), and until after the harvest is well over apparently the matter rests. The Government's attitude appears to be that the agricultural worker is much better off than he used to be, and that the last Agriculture Act provides all the necessary machinery—of which 14 counties have already availed themselves—for raising the local rate above the national minimum. In spite of its air of reason, there seems to be a little too much *non possumus* flavour about this. The Government need not perhaps remember that, the Restriction on Engagements Order having been applied to agriculture, "the agricultural workers"—in trade-union parlance—"cannot use the ordinary leverage to raise their standards." But they must keep constantly in mind the national danger of depleting the country's skilled rural population any further. It is true that little can be done with effect until the autumn. Sir George Courthope, whose good faith and interest in every man and boy employed on the farm not even the most rabid trade-unionist could challenge, only spoke the truth when he said that in our efforts to improve the lot of the agricultural workers we must be sure that the farmers are able to pay the wages we fix. If we do one thing without the other we may ruin both.

UNWONTED HARVEST

THE look of the country in this wild and fantastic summer must have borne in on many folk the shortness of human memory. When Kipling wrote—a good many years ago now—of our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs:

Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,
And through the gaps revealed
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim
Blue goodness of the Weald—

he was writing of a country we have all of us known and loved in a sentimental way. It has been, throughout our memory, clear of officious fence or hedge, and little but sunlight and sward—"as when the Romans came." This year the barley has billowed like the sea below it, where the short turf used to cloak the white cliff edge. We have watched the sun climb down behind barrow and camp, no longer green and stark against the west but fantastically patterned with shocks of corn—diapered with gold, as Chaucer might have said. A war-time transformation? Yes, but a few wise old men still remember when the corn climbed higher still, when the sheep were systematically folded and grassy slopes were "black with Scotch runts." Cobbett on his rural rides might condemn the quality of contemporary cultivations, but he saw more cultivated land than we can see even

to-day. There is still much more to be brought back, though a great beginning has been made. It is more than enough to compensate us for the wild tricks of a most freakish summer.

COMMONS AND THE WAR

AMONG the areas on which unaccustomed corn crops have been seen waving in the summer breezes for the first time in living memory are many tracts of common land, which, it must be remembered, are by no means all of the nature of "public open spaces." They are "commonable" in the technical sense. Rights of pasturage and turbary, for instance, may exist over them and, though the public may have had access to them time out of memory, it is by courtesy and not of right. Such an area is that which has this year been ploughed and sown by the Dorset War Agricultural Committee in Cranborne Chase; and there the rights of common pasturage are being respected to the extent of a promise by the Ministry of Agriculture that the land shall be re-sown to grass when the war is over. There is a danger here, however. All over the country commons—some of them completely in public ownership—have been appropriated in whole or part under Defence Regulations for various purposes connected with the prosecution of the war or the Defence of the Realm. The possibility must not be overlooked that at the end of the war short-sighted efforts may be made to retain possession of these areas. The cost of buying the land outright after the war may be less than the cost of removing lines of hutments and buildings and unwanted roads, and it will then be possible to sell the commons for non-military purposes after the common rights have been extinguished. Not only would this be a grave mistake from the point of view of prejudicing post-war planning and depriving the public of access to open spaces, but it should also be remembered that the original uses of such lands were primarily agricultural. The Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society are anxious to have particulars of every case of common land appropriation—for whatever purpose—in order that, when peace comes, steps may be taken to press for restitution.

BEDROOM DAWN

Is this obscurity, not quite unbroken—
As though the heart of night had bled away—
This quietness before a bird has spoken,
Really the day?
And is this phantom, faintly re-defined,
The safe, diurnal washing-stand and soap?
This first small stir of the awakened mind
Possibly hope?

FRANCES CORNFORD.

SPORTING NEWS FOR OUR PRISONERS

WE must have all wondered often and sympathetically what are the things that our prisoners of war in Germany would like to know if only we could tell them. Yet perhaps the obvious thing never occurred to most of us, namely, what a nostalgic yearning many of them must have to know who won the Derby or the Association Cup, what sort of cricket has been played at Lord's, how Henry Cotton is getting on with his Red Cross matches. Certainly for a number of people there is nothing more redolent of home than the look of a cricket score or the late news of the afternoon's winners in an evening paper, and many an American visitor to this country before the war must have been cheered by news of the Giants or the White Sox in the baseball results. So it is good news that, after negotiations through the International Red Cross at Geneva, the German authorities have agreed to allow the news of sporting results to be given to our prisoners. It is pleasant to think that the slow, monotonous passage of time may be rendered more bearable by the arrival of the League results after every Saturday, and that North or South may have something with which to back their arguments as to the respective merits of Preston North End and the Arsenal.

DOMINION HELP

FARMERS are lucky when they can get effective assistance from the Army with harvesting crops. The extent to which troops are available, and their value when they are, varies enormously. The War Office has undertaken that soldiers will be drafted on to harvest

work, but they have not seemed to be generally available recently, except voluntarily in odd hours of their spare time, for other, no less urgent, work such as hoeing roots, for which hard manual labour is needed. On the other hand, there are many accounts of Dominion troops, when they happen to be quartered near farms, proving their prowess as expert agriculturists and being of great help in a variety of ways. Some farmers have even been able to draw comparisons between these Dominion representatives. A friend who has had British, Canadians, and New Zealanders on his farm finds it difficult to decide between the two latter's accomplishments (unfortunately the British were *hors concours*). A Canadian, discovering the reaper-and-binder broken down, repaired the intricate binding mechanism on the spot, to the admiration of attendant labourers. But they were even more impressed by the New Zealander challenged to guess the number of sacks in an oat-stack being threshed. After the locals, knowing the field and the crop it had carried, had made various guesses between 180 and 200 sacks, the New Zealander roughly sized it up, stuck his arm inside, and said: "Two hundred and thirty-five." It threshed out at 238. On the strength of this, N.Z. has gone up top of the class on that farm.

ROBERT BYRON

SINCE the ship taking him to a war correspondent's post in the Middle East was sunk in April, off the west coast of Africa, Robert Byron has been missing, and now hope has to be abandoned that he might blandly turn up making a joke of an adventure. The loss of his incisive and brilliant personality, that impish wit lurking in a form oddly reminiscent of the Queen-Empress Victoria, is heavy to his friends, who were many and real. It is no less tragic at a time when the arts, particularly architecture, will soon need, as never before, the ideals, and the lashings, that only he could express so passionately. As a critic and as a traveller, readers of COUNTRY LIFE know well, he looked around him with the standards and sensitiveness of a Georgian aristocrat. At once outspoken and fastidious, two things he hated: oppression in any form—he was a bitter critic of modern autocracies—and the vulgarity and mediocrity which pass too often to-day for liberty. "This dome," he wrote, in praise of the Viceroy's House at Delhi, "is an offence against democracy, a slap in the face of the modern average-man, with his second-hand ideals; an artist's achievement whose precedent must be sought among the ruins of Antiquity." He spoke from first-hand experience of them, in Greece, in Persia, in Central Asia, in India and China. This freedom to travel and speak his mind were hard-won, for he had slender means, and he dedicated it to the quest of noble things.

TWO CRICKETERS

TO all cricketers comes the time when they must, in the words of the old cricketing song, "give up their wickets to those who come next," and two very famous ones have lately passed away. In the case of one, Lord Willingdon, his distinguished public services in later life have naturally obscured his early prowess in the field. It is only the comparatively elderly who now remember "Mr. F. Thomas" of Eton, Cambridge, Sussex, and the Gentlemen. The fame of the other is a purely cricketing fame, and that of the highest. The name of Bobby Peel has still, and always will have, a stirring ring, not only in Yorkshire ears. He played many times both for the Players and for England, but it is first of all as a Yorkshireman that we think of him, one of the four great left-handed bowlers who have made an unbroken chain for hard on 60 years up to the present day—Peate, Peel, Rhodes and Verity. His name recalls too that of another illustrious left-hander from the rival county, Johnny Briggs of Lancashire, who once, with the ideal wicket to help them, joined Peel in winning a memorable Test match at Sydney after England had had to face a score of nearly 600 in the first innings. Peel was not only a great bowler; he was one of those great all-rounders, of which his county seems to have a never-failing supply. Ulyett, Wade, Wainwright, F. S. Jackson, Ernest Smith, Hirst, Rhodes and Leyland. Here are a few; the list is almost unending, and Peel's niche among them is secure.



THE VILLAGE POND AT WROXTON, OXFORDSHIRE

Will F. Taylor

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Our Disappearing Hawk-moths—The Hive Raider—A Butterfly Cocktail Bar—The Sparrow and Thatched Roofs—"As Much Jam as You Like"

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

THE various Hawk-moths of the British Isles appear to be very much scarcer to-day than they were some 30 years ago, and it is becoming almost an unusual sight to see the commonest of them—the Humming Bird Hawk-moth—hovering over the flowers in the garden. When I was a boy, and a moth and butterfly collector, there were several varieties that were far from being rare, such as the Lime and Poplar and the Privet Hawk-moths, and with regard to the latter practically every privet hedge of any size in Sussex proved to be a grazing area of these very gaudily striped caterpillars.

On the downs over against Deal, during one summer's holidays, I found 100 or more caterpillars of the Humming Bird variety feeding on the ladies' bedstraw; on another occasion I obtained two specimens of the rare Spurge Hawk-moth larvæ on the mud-flats in Old Shoreham harbour; but the nearest I ever got to obtaining the greatly-prized Death's Head was the discovery of the squashed body of a particularly large one the gardener had just crushed with his foot on finding it eating his potato haulms. He saw it only as "one of them pesky caterpillars what eat up my vegetables"—to me it would have constituted the height of my ambition at the time, carrying with it enormous prestige at school.

IN the days of my youth practically every boy collected moths and butterflies at some period of his schooldays, and this in some ways was an advantage, as one acquired a considerable amount of practical knowledge of entomology while obtaining one's specimens, but on the other hand I wonder if the great number of collectors in those days was not partly responsible for the rarity of many varieties to-day. I have done my best since to repair any damage I may have done in the past, and, as all Hawk-moths are common in the Egyptian deserts, I was in the habit of bringing home with me

every year a box of the chrysalides of the Death's Head, the Silver Striped, the Convolvulus and the very lovely Oleander. It was most amusing shortly afterwards to read in the correspondence columns in the local Press excited letters from readers who had captured one of my immigrants and imagined it was an indigenous specimen.

IN this country the Death's Head's addiction to honey makes the vicinity of a large apiary a likely spot in which to see this now rare moth, which lives up to the sinister symbol on his thorax by being the only insect able to squeak. In Sinai where this moth is very common he ranks as a pest, for no matter how small one might make the opening to a beehive the Death's Head would force his way in, and, on cleaning out the hives in the autumn, it was no uncommon occurrence to find the dead bodies of over 50 Death's Heads. I do not imagine they obtained very much honey, as the bees resented the invader and stung him to death, but as a bee, unlike a dog and his bite, dies after one sting the casualties sustained, during the mopping-up operations after the enemy had forced an entry, must have been very heavy. Frequently also I have seen a Death's Head, with the honey complex paramount in his mind, literally fighting his way into a hive and ignoring the attacks of a swarm of bees, which stung him wherever he offered a target.

A GAINST the Humming Bird Hawk-moth I have no great complaint except that he selected invariably one's wardrobe for his hibernation quarters. One saw them in the autumn buzzing round the pictures, curtains and other mural hangings, but none of these ever found favour in their eyes, as what they were looking for was a pair of breeches, a shirt or an old coat. Until one has become accustomed to the experience, a lively Humming Bird Hawk-moth, doing his hovering business with violently vibrating wings in the region of the small of one's back, is a very alarming

experience. One thinks instinctively of Horned vipers, scorpions and tarantulas and never suspects the quite harmless and most attractive little Humming Bird Hawk-moth.

BUTTERFLIES, on the other hand, especially the commoner kinds, appear to be as plentiful as ever, and if one has a few buddleias in the garden one can count on seeing the usual Small Tortoiseshells, Peacocks, Fritillaries and Painted Ladies carousing around the flower spikes on any sunny day. I use the expression "carousing" for I have a suspicion that, when the buddleia has been in bloom for some time, the nectar in the flowers has fermented slightly, and the butterflies, judging from their erratic flight, obtain an alcoholic kick out of this natural cocktail bar.

Clouded Yellows, which some years swarm all over the southern counties, are apparently not particularly plentiful this summer, but as, I believe, this insect is a migrant from the Continent, there is no need to worry about his temporary disappearance, for he will return. The Painted Lady, I know, is a migrant, as on several occasions when going through the Mediterranean homeward or outward bound we have steamed through a cloud of them, while during the Senussi campaign in the Libyan Desert in the last war the whole coastal belt for one week was literally teeming with millions of the insects as they came flying northwards from the heart of the Sahara. It seems a most remarkable thing that a fragile little insect like a butterfly should be able to cross against the prevailing wind 1,500 miles of waterless desert, and I imagine it must be almost 1,500 miles, as I can think of no place north of Darfur where their caterpillars could find food.

HERE is another charge against the sparrow, which at the present moment is at work all over the British Isles attacking the wheatfields, and removing the corn from the ears at a time when we need every grain we can produce for ourselves. It is not only the local sparrows

from the farmsteads that are raiding the crops, but also the urban and suburban birds, which at this time of the year take their holidays with their families and move out from the streets to the country in the same way that the hop-pickers migrate from the East End of London to the Kentish hopfields.

The additional charge against the sparrow is the damage he causes to thatched roofs. Four years ago I had to re-thatch a pair of cottages, which is not such a simple matter as it sounds owing to the great scarcity of thatchers, who in this part of the world are quite as rare as the Dartford Warbler. Like the Dartford Warbler they seem to be very poor stock-getters and, being mostly elderly and partially infirm, die off just as readily as this bird whenever we have a particularly cold and inclement winter. Finding the species almost extinct in our part of the world I was compelled to import a "foreigner" from Dorset to do the job, and when the work was completed I had to decide whether I would leave the neat, new and very expensive thatch as it was and hope for the best so far as the sparrows were concerned, whether I would pay an additional £5 and wire-net the eaves, chimneys and vulnerable points, or whether I would make a real job of it at £12 and net the whole roof.

I decided on the last choice and have reason to congratulate myself because a neighbouring farmer, noting the good work done by my Dorset thatcher, engaged him to do a pair of cottages, but he economised the £12 and neglected to cover the roof with wire-netting.

I was looking at this thatch the other day and already it is well on its way to complete disintegration. There are over a dozen deep holes in the thatch where the sparrows have, or have had, nests, and about 30 other places where they have made trial borings, pulling out the straw from sheer cussedness and allowing the wind to get under and the rain to get in. At the rate at which they are progressing the thatch will be utterly destroyed in another two years, and the rain will be trickling through to the rooms beneath. All this has been done by a matter of eight pairs—say 16 sparrows. The thatch cost in the neighbourhood of £60.

DURING the interminable dog-days of a Libyan summer when a blazing sun crawls slowly round a sky of brass, many of our men, so I hear, are striving to kill time and acquire something useful by learning the Arabic language. I have just received from the Mersa Matruh area a request for any Arabic grammars and dictionaries I may have by me, as there has

been such a run on this form of literature in the bookshops of Egypt that anything of this nature is practically unobtainable.

Arabic is a most difficult language to learn, as it has no p, v, or c in its alphabet, but to make up for this deficiency it possesses two s's, two d's, two t's, and three letters that are normally unpronounceable by the average Briton, so that the best he can do is to make some sort of compromise at the back of his throat. In addition to this, as an exasperated student once said, every word in the Arabic language has five meanings: (a) the correct translation, (b) the direct opposite, (c) something poetical and nothing to do with either a or b, (d) something connected with a camel, and (e) something much too obscene and improper to be translated.

Quite a number of men, after years of service in the East, had never acquired any proficiency in Arabic. The most amusing case of this description was that of a man who for some 20 years went all over Egypt and the Sudan transforming the stately Arab salutation "Murhaba, khaif halak" into "Murabba ala khaifak." The first means roughly "Greetings, and how is thy health?" and the second, which my friend used, meant "As much jam as you like," but as the jam was never forthcoming this well meaning remark caused some confusion.

PORTSMOUTH ROAD MEMORIES

By R. T. LANG

THE best way out of London for the Portsmouth Road is *via* Putney Bridge (the Embankment and the King's Road are a great convenience to all but those from the extreme west). Over the bridge continue straight up to the top of the hill, where one turns across Putney Heath. This heath was once popular as a place where the London "bucks," including William Pitt in 1798, satisfied honour by standing 12 paces apart with pistols and carefully missing each other.

Kingston by-pass comes soon enough; it is not surprising that it should have been the scene of so many accidents. The temptation to hurry through its bald ugliness is great, and hurry is the cause of many a collision.

The real Portsmouth Road is soon reached, where the White Lady, an old milestone with a ball on the top dated 1767, stands in front of the Orleans Arms. Then past Sandown race-course—pray Heaven that you have not to pass it on a race day—into picturesque Esher village. To the left stands the famous Old Bear. Then we run past Claremont Park, where the great Clive built his house in 1769 and Louis Philippe

died in exile. From 1882 it was the property of Queen Victoria, who had played in the grounds as a little girl; now it is a building estate.

The delicate charm of the great highway begins to display itself over the Fairmile to another house of long repute, the 400-years-old White Lion at Cobham. In another couple of miles comes the lovely, restful Wisley Pool, and just beyond it are the luxuriant gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society. If Londoners knew them they would be as popular as the Zoo.

Fifty years ago no London cyclist considered his education complete till he had paid a visit to the gabled Anchor at Ripley, which must still be full of the ghosts of the stalwarts of early days. Surrey is now looking her loveliest till we switch off along the Guildford by-pass. I suppose that these by-passes will grow beautiful with age, but they have been built to-day with thought only of speed.

Three miles after one has gone under the Hog's Back, however, there is something worth stopping to see. If you turn aside into Compton Church you will find there not only the oldest Norman woodwork in use in an English build-



THE WHITE LADY MILESTONE, DATED 1767, AT ESHER



"LOVELY, RESTFUL" WISLEY POOL, SURREY

ing, in the balustrade of about 1180, but the only double chancel in existence. One is built over the other; the upper chancel is believed to have been used for special devotions. In addition, there are the remains of a Saxon anchorite's cell, a Norman font, a little twelfth-century stained glass, a Jacobean pulpit, a screen and clock of 1688 and, around the church, six of the finest cedars of Lebanon in England. The great artist G. F. Watts is buried in the cemetery and above the altar in the mortuary chapel is his noble painting of Omar Khayyam's potter:

Ah Love! Could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this Sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

seems singularly appropriate to-day.

If possible, make time to drop into the gallery of the Potters' Art Guild, founded by Mr. and Mrs. Watts, open every day except Thursdays, till 5 p.m. Verily, Compton is a place at which one must halt. And it is on a by-pass!

The by-pass ends at Milford, and soon after begins the lovely climb to Hindhead. Three miles from Milford stands the Red Lion Inn,



British Council

"AS THE ROAD WINDS ROUND THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL THE GLEAMING GLORY OF HINDHEAD UNFOLDS ITSELF, MILE UPON MILE OF ROLLING WOOD AND GRASSY DOWN"

the last place at which the murderers of the sailor in the historic tragedy of September, 1786, were seen with him. He was one of the lads home from the sea who foolishly display their wealth to strangers. Up on Hindhead, where a granite cross now marks the spot, they murdered him, a fate that befell too many of these gallant boys who thought ill of no one and paid the price of simple faith.

As the road winds round the Devil's Punch Bowl the gleaming glory unfolds itself, mile upon mile of rolling wood and grassy down. Tyndall discovered it in 1887 and told England of what he had found, yet Cobbett, only some 50 years earlier, had described it as "the most villainous spot that God ever made," because of its bleakness. That must have been before the nineteenth-century Men of the Trees got to work.

Hindhead, in spite of the accretion of buildings at the cross-roads, is still a place of great charm, and one almost envies the *habitués* of King George's sanatorium as the road runs down through the shaded beauties of Liphook—"Lip-pock," to which young Samuel Pepys (why will people call him "old"?—he was only 36 when the *Diary* ended) came "at ten at night, in great fear." Here Nelson breakfasted at the Royal Anchor on his way to Trafalgar, and they

can still show you the sextant he left behind. Here, too, came Queen Anne, George III, Blucher, the Duchess of Kent and her little daughter, the future Queen Victoria, William IV and many another famous traveller. The Royal

Anchor has been serving its patrons since 1418; what a wealth of history lies behind it on such a road!

Hampshire's placid charms succeed Surrey's refulgent glory, the dimpled milkmaid



Will F. Taylor

COMPTON CHURCH, WHICH HAS TWO CHANCELS, ONE OVER THE OTHER
Around this church are six of the finest cedars of Lebanon in England



THE ROYAL ANCHOR AT LIPHOOK, WHERE NELSON BREAKFASTED ON HIS WAY TO TRAFALGAR



PETERSFIELD, NOW A QUIET MARKET TOWN, ONCE SENT TWO MEMBERS TO PARLIAMENT



PETERSFIELD CHURCH, NEAR WHICH EDWARD GIBBON SPENT HIS YOUTH

Will F. Taylor

beside the Court beauty. Petersfield, now a quiet market town, once sent two Members to Parliament; one of these was the father of Edward Gibbon, the author of *The Decline and Fall*, who spent his youth at the red-brick manor house beside the old church. The climb over Butser Hill takes us through a land of tumuli and other memories of the unknown people of the past, but there are wide-spreading views, and just past Horndean the strictly rural part of the road ends as we run through a fragment of the old royal hunting forest of Bere.

Waterlooville is now a suburb of Portsmouth; its name was originally Waterloo, after the local inn, but the ubiquitous post-office added the "ville" to avoid confusion with other Waterloos.

Then through Purbrook, with its eighteenth-century houses, we slide down Portsdown Hill into Cosham and over the great new bridge into Portsea Island. When the sea retired from Portchester the people came here, founding Portsea and its suburb Portsmouth. Now Portsmouth is a city and Portsea is the suburb. For Portsmouth itself you go to the right, but most travellers will follow the fine new road to the left and some may halt at Copnor to see the font in which Charles Dickens was baptised in 1812, now in the new church. The house in which Dickens was born, at 393, Commercial Road, is a Dickens museum, with over 100 books and 200 portraits.



THE HOUSE AT PORTSMOUTH IN WHICH DICKENS WAS BORN—NOW THE DICKENS MUSEUM

So on to the front at Southsea, to the great common which was once a morass, where to-day the children play and the girls welcome their boys home from the sea. It was along the shore here that Alfred the Great hanged his Danish prisoners, so that their dangling bodies might serve as a warning to other marauders who might think of coming oversea.

Portsmouth, lying to the right of the common, was made famous by Charles II in characteristic fashion. Here he came in 1662 to meet Catharine of Braganza, and immediately he saw her complained to his courtiers that they had brought him "a bat instead of a woman" to wife. In his contempt he made one of his mistresses, the "baby-faced" Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. A more pleasant and material memory is that Portsmouth gave us Jonas Hanway, who introduced the umbrella to England from the East in 1743.

The natural goal, in normal times, of all visitors to Portsmouth is the venerable *Victory*. The dockyard is closed to the public just now, but there the great flagship stands in her cement, for her preservation was the last work of Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, the hero of the Battle of Falkland Islands, of the last war. Her 2,162 tons seem paltry beside our modern giants, but she breathes the old spirit of defiance to Britain's enemies.

THE FISHERMAN'S CURSE

By ROY BEDDINGTON

THE fisherman, if happy, is, it seems, afflicted with curses other than that which under the title "Fisherman's curse!" already has a twofold meaning. Piscatorially the "Fisherman's Curse" signifies a minute insect of the *diptera* family, upon which trout are wont, upon occasion, to feed, to the annoyance of the angler, who is supposed to voice his exasperation with curses. The phrase, used botanically, is a term for the water fig wort, which is said to call forth like oaths from the angler whose cast has become entangled in its withered capsules. But these are small discomforts compared with those other curses which hover above the fisherman's head and bring down upon it a multitude of woes, disappointments and discontent.

There is the curse of the weather. The heavens rarely provide suitable conditions. Either it is too cloudy, so that the salmon fisher prays for "a blink o' the sun," or, if Phoebus shines undimmed upon the water, both the salmon and the trout man ask for cloud, though they might well use finer tackle and greater skill.

It is too thundery, so that the fish are disinclined to move. This is a real affliction; for when Thor roams the sky, salmon and trout are indisposed to take until he has passed by, though I know an American who had his greatest catch of salmon amid the fury of a storm.

It is too cold, though the olive is often known to hatch in large quantity, while a disgruntled (and seemingly cursed) angler warms his toes upon the fender. The cold, let it be remembered, only drives salmon down to a lower level in the water.

At other times it is too hot, or it is a case of "They willna take. There is rain coming" from the gillie, and how true, since salmon are gifted, it seems, with a second sense which warns them of impending flood and deprives them of any inclination to seize fly or bait.

It is a rising river. There is the complaint "They will not take," though I have caught fish at the moment when the water starts to rise. There is, happily, no curse for the angler when the river is falling. This is the period akin to the west wind, when the fishing is at its best.

In hot weather there are algae to choke still places on the trout stream. Salmon become sluggish. The curse of discontent hangs over the barometer. Wherever the needle wanders, some fisherman is sure to be displeased.

The water is either too clear or too thick. The weeds are too numerous or too few. There is too much mud on the bottom, or there are deposits of sand (a real grievance, which I have felt on the upper reaches of the Dorset River Piddle.)

There is the curse of the wind, when it is "fit for neither man nor beast," or blows from the quarter when "the fisherman does not go forth," though the cold north-easter sometimes brings in its wake a great hatch of iron blue, as I have experienced on the Test and the Devonshire Culm, while there is a pool in Argyllshire (and many elsewhere) where salmon take only when the east wind raises angry waves upon its surface. An icy blast has an invigorating effect upon pike and grayling. It is a mixed curse, and to many provides a cause for discontent.

There is the curse of the trees, which spread



"CURSES WHICH HOVER ABOVE THE FISHERMAN'S HEAD AND BRING DOWN UPON IT A MULTITUDE OF WOES, DISAPPOINTMENTS AND DISCONTENT"

their branches to ambush the angler's fly, and the bushes and reeds, which wait to cause a tangle. There is barbed wire to tear the mackintosh and rip the landing net, while the bank, crumbling away, delights to see a fisherman's immersion, or a lurking peat-hole sucks the Wellingtons from his feet. There is witchery about all this.

The beasts of the field, the birds and insects of the air, even the fishes beneath the water, encompass the fisherman about with evil intent. The otter, in company with the heron, the merganser and the pike or other fish-eating creatures, steals his quarry. Swans, dabchicks and chub feast upon spawn, while the reed smut (*simulium*) catches the alevins in its web or the *dytiscus marginalis* beetle eats, with its terrible pincers, the fry.

Bulls drive the fisher to the security of upper branches, while cows eat his lunch (or his paraphernalia). Coots and moorhens disturb the water at his coming. Water rats undermine his banks. Tame ducks swim back and forth to cause annoyance, while the female mallard flaps the water as she feigns a broken wing. Mosquitoes and horse-flies assail his flesh. He is provoked to curse. Perhaps he who curses is himself cursed.

Pollution, in every form—electric power schemes, wet roads, which, deceiving the mayfly, cause her to drop her eggs upon their water-like surface, or fill the river with oil or tar, provide further evidence of the scourge. Outboard motors spoil the waters of the lake fisherman, oil-driven steamers the hunting ground of the in-shore angler.

There is the human curse. There is the up-stream neighbour, who cuts his weeds or clears his rack to upset the fisherman below. There are the bathers, who choose the best pools, and the hikers, who approach from the reach to which the trout fisher is proceeding. There are the little boys who throw stones from bridges and the dogs that chase sticks across the current. There is the poacher, and the

gillie who bungles it. There is always "the enemy on the other bank." There are the fish.

The fish, poor things, are seldom well disposed. Trout are "tailing" when, as if deliberately to vex the fisherman, they nose among the weeds in search of shrimps or snails, or they are nympling ("taking something under the water"—to the delight of Mr. Skues and his followers), or they are feeding on "I don't know what." Salmon and trout both have the accursed habit of "coming short," of bulging at the imitation, while the king of fishes will play with the fly or "drown" it, to the consternation of the man on the bank. When a fish is hooked there is always a rock, a snag, or a bed of ribbon-weed to cause the captor apprehension.

Upon the bank the quarry is often the wrong shape. There are the stew-fed trout and the salmon, which, if he had had another 4ins. of girth, would have been a 40-pounder. There is furunculosis—that dread disease. It is all the work of the devil—"the fisherman's curse."

There are the fisherman's personal afflictions. There is forgetfulness, which vice *le* shares with the plumber (the slipping water must affect the memory of both). The curse of forgotten tools is upon them. Reel or pipe, casts or fly-box left behind can upset the fisherman's sport. There is bad eyesight and spectacles that fall into the water, when the rise is on. There is hasty judgment, lack of patience, an affinity for worms or prawns—all presents from the devil—the curse.

The fisherman's motto should be *per ardua ad pisces*. Terrible as it may appear, the fisherman's curse makes his fishing something worth while. Let him remember:

Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse.

Fishermen are undaunted by any curse. Yes, even if a new cast costs half a dollar.

It is refreshing at these times to receive a new fishing book such as *The Angler and the Trout*, by Huish Edye (Distoffer) (A. and C. Black, 10s. 6d.). To-day the fisherman, cut off from his river by the fortunes of war, needs something to take his imagination to pleasant waters and cause him to wield an imaginary rod. The illustrator of this book by his photographs has succeeded admirably in wafting the reader to the river bank. The illustration soberly entitled "Weed Intelligently Cut" has all the quality of a nineteenth-century water-colour. If the photographs take the exiled fisherman to his paradises, the author does not; for he is concerned not with the beauty of the river, but only with the catching of trout. The relation of *The Angler and the Trout* is that of Aston Villa and Blackburn Rovers—"and" should read "versus." The author is of the school that treats fishing as business. This school certainly produces the most successful fishermen, and the books which are most likely to assist you in the catching of fish. Mr. Edye sneers, perhaps provocatively, at the dry-fly man who spares the time to enjoy the beauties of the river and its inhabitants. No time, according to his creed, should be wasted. The fisherman should be for ever attacking. The reviewer prefers to treat his love of Nature as a game of bowls, enjoy it and also catch his fish. At this time more than ever before the tonic value of a day in contemplation by the river is obvious. The author admits that he writes, purposely, with provocation. He throws down the glove, but he has not much new information on account of which the reader will want to enter the lists and joust him.

FRITILLARIES ON THE WING

By L. HUGH NEWMAN



SILVER-WASHED FRITILLARY, COMMON IN WOODS IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND



THE DARK VARIETY OF THE FEMALE SILVER-WASHED FRITILLARY

TO a great many nature lovers, the well-defined families of butterflies usually recall certain memories. The blues may remind one of rolling chalk downs, the browns of waving meadows of long grass at hay-making time, and the vanessas of hot autumn days in the garden, when the purple buddleia attracts its daily visitors. But the fritillaries have a special appeal to most of us. To my mind they bring a mental picture of wonderfully happy days spent among woods, or grassy uplands—days of blazing sun and the strong rich scent of growing bracken, while these sturdy butterflies dart and glide before one's eyes.

Perhaps at the time you capture one, or photograph one at rest on a flower, or maybe only just catch a glimpse of one. But whichever it is, that particular butterfly becomes a talisman, a sort of magic token, which, the moment you see it again, has the power of recalling to your mind all those happy hours you spent when searching for its breeding ground, perhaps many years ago.

In the spring, when primroses and bluebells are in flower, the first fritillaries are on the wing. You often find the Pearl Bordered and the Small Pearl Bordered together in the same wood, fighting to alight on a flowering bugle which offers so much tempting nectar. A little later, perhaps in the same wood, if cow-wheat, the food of the caterpillars,



A GLANVILLE RESTING ON THE FLOWER-HEAD OF A PLANTAIN.

grows there, you may see the Heath fritillary—the butterfly that most people think has been so badly named because it is never found on heaths.

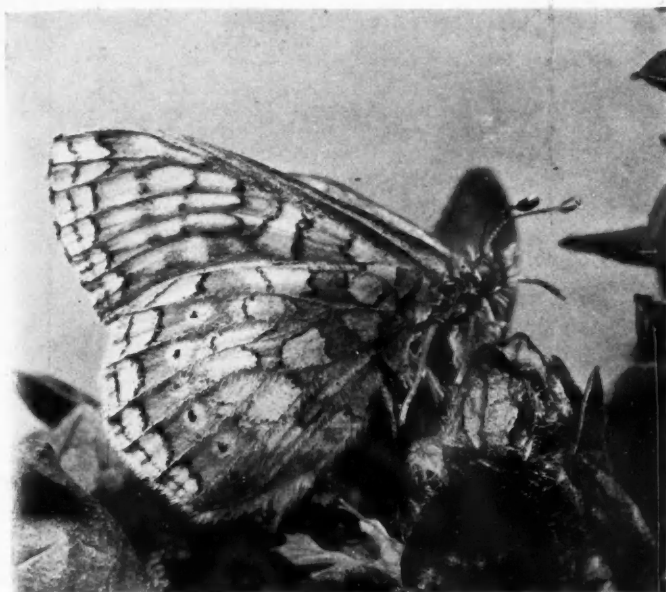
In July the three largest fritillaries emerge; the Silver-Washed, the Dark Green, and the High Brown. The Silver-Washed breeds in many woods where violets grow in southern England, but in the West Country it seems to prefer to fly along the quiet country lanes and is seldom found in woods. The other two fritillaries haunt heaths and commons, or grassy fields that have lain uncultivated for years.

You must go to the Isle of Wight to see the Glanville fritillary and search the cliffs and bays along the south coast where plantain grows. The marsh fritillary, as its name suggests, may be found in damp meadows where scabious blooms. But there is a locality for this butterfly on the top of Hod Hill, Dorset.

This leaves only the Queen of Spain and the Duke of Burgundy, both interlopers one might almost say. The former is only an occasional migrant to this country and has never been known to breed here. The latter does not really belong to this family at all, although it is always classed as a fritillary.

(Left) TWO FRITILLARIES TOGETHER, AS THEY OFTEN ARE IN THE WOODS. The Small Pearl Bordered is above and the Pearl Bordered below

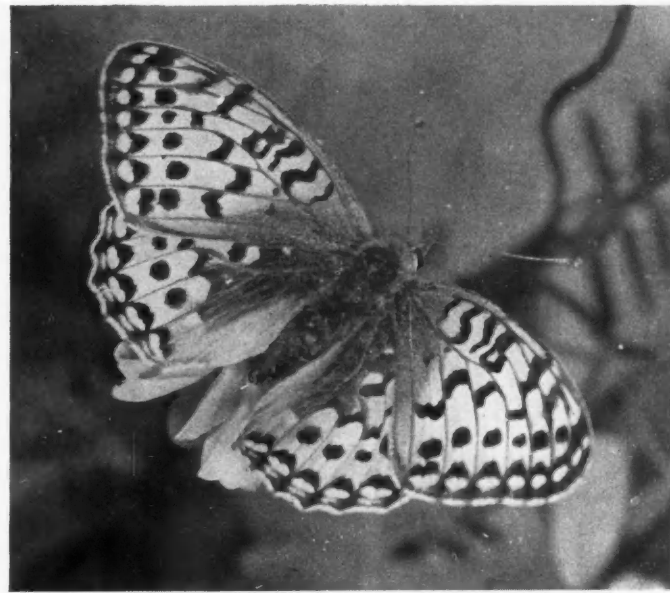




MARSH FRITILLARY, ALSO CALLED GREASY FRITILLARY
OWING TO ITS APPEARANCE



HEATH FRITILLARY, FOUND IN WOODS WHERE COW-
WHEAT GROWS, BUT NEVER ON HEATHS



THE HIGH BROWN (Left) AND THE DARK GREEN (Right) ARE SIMILAR IN APPEARANCE WHEN FLYING,
BUT THE UNDERSIDES ARE DIFFERENT. THEY HAVE A WING SPAN OF 2½ INS.



A FRITILLARY ONLY IN LOOKS—THE DUKE OF
BURGUNDY



POINTED UPPER WINGS ARE A FEATURE OF THE QUEEN
OF SPAIN

WESTON CORBETT PLACE, HAMPSHIRE

THE RESIDENCE OF MR. CONRAD HESELTINE

An economically modern country house, in the Georgian tradition of sensitively handled brickwork, designed by Messrs. Braddell, Deane and Bird, in 1936 on a wooded downland site

COUNTRY Houses after the War," the series of experimental projects which COUNTRY LIFE is introducing to readers from time to time, range from residences of the type known to house agents as "standing in their own grounds," to week-end cottages. As yet no architect has been so optimistic as to project a real country house, a post-war seat, of however modest proportions. Such a commission was rare enough in the thriving '30's; in the famished '40's it seems to be assumed that the species will be extinct.

Yet will it? Obviously we shall all be living on a greatly reduced scale, but unless everybody is reduced automatically to a uniform level of indigence, and the hymn has to be altered to

The rich man in his cottage,
The worker in his scientifically planned house,

there will still be some spice of inequality. The duke, forsaking his alternative castles with a hundred rooms, will surely somehow contrive a relatively sumptuous establishment with a mere twenty. And millionaires will happen, who with reckless prodigality envisage mansions so capacious that a bridge four can be put up for a week-



1.—AN AGREEABLY BALANCED ENTRY FRONT



2.—THE STAIRCASE BESIDE THE ENTRY HALL

end. If civilisation is reduced to a bed-sitting-room basis, that will be that. But if it is not, we can look forward to some folk capable of living on such a scale of modest dignity as is indicated by this Hampshire house built a year or two before this war.

Its style and accommodation—a dignified entry hall with staircase, four reception-rooms, six bed and four bathrooms, roomy but compactly planned offices for four servants, and a large labour-saving garden—would be particularly appropriate for replacing an unmanageably large mansion, whether taking its place on the actual site or erected on the edge of the park while the mansion is used for other purposes or becomes a national monument. Its simple Georgian idiom would make it a good setting for a few selected ancestors and works of art rescued from the big house. Did it, in fact, take the place of a large old house demolished, it is not unlikely that a good deal of the old materials, and some of the old decoration, could be incorporated.

Topographically, though not in fact, Weston Corbett Place accords quite well with this hypothesis. Its Georgian decoration is actually new, not inherited, but it does lie on the outskirts of a large domain, that of Herriard Park, though it in no way replaces that interesting historical mansion (designed by Talman) and was indeed built entirely independently of it on a manor that forms no historical part of that estate. But the widespread plantations of the squires of Herriard, who acquired this adjacent property in the late eighteenth century, compose the setting of the house and give the immediate outlook the character of parkland, so that, for demonstration purposes, this house can fittingly be indicated as a type to which a twentieth-century perch replacing an older seat might conform. One outstanding benefit enjoyed by a building on such a site is the existence of well matured timber, in the form, in this case, of a long beech shelter-belt to the north, of which full advantage has been taken.

The architectural design, at first sight quite conventional, reveals a good deal of subtlety on more careful inspection. The Georgian idiom imposes a symmetry that, satisfying as it is to the eye, may nowadays strike us as a little childish if pursued to the extent of inconvenience or redundancy.



Perhaps the only real contribution of the nineteenth century to the art of design lay in its development of asymmetrical composition, a principle that the contemporary style of design, liberated by the flat roof and encouraged by the trend of modern art, is carrying much further. Asymmetry obviously makes convenient planning easier, and the elevations of this house show how, if sensitively applied, it can add vitality to Georgian sedateness. None of these fronts is actually symmetrical, although the general effect is so nicely balanced. This is most evident on the south front (Fig. 3), which looks down a wide sweep of lawn to a pool with woodlands beyond. The main block, with shallow projecting wings sheltering a paved terrace between them, is exactly symmetrical, except for the three chimney stacks. One of these is emphasised to counterbalance the kitchen wing on the right, prolonged from this point of view by the low sweep of the outbuilding's roof to the right again. In this triple composition, ascending and advancing from right to

(Above) 3. — THE GARDEN FRONT AND SLOPING LAWN FROM A REED-FRINED POOL

(Right) 4.—DETAIL OF THE GARDEN FRONT

Showing the unusual ("Jacob's Ladder") bond of brickwork, which produces a zig-zag network texture

(Below) 5. — FROM THE WEST

Windows on this side look along a big herbaceous border





6.—THE DRAWING-ROOM, LINED WITH PEAR-WOOD

left, the spacing of the accents has been so sensitively managed that not only is there no jarring between the symmetrical and asymmetrical sections but a pleasing suggestion of movement is set up. The same applies to the other fronts. On the entry (Fig. 1) the four windows on the left are offset by the tall staircase window, two narrow lights, and the dramatic silhouette of the west end. The west end of the house (Fig. 5) makes no attempt at symmetry, relying for its excellent effect on balanced contrasts and a subtle introduction of curves—in the semicircular bay and the arched window. The brickwork throughout is of fine quality, with an upright course playing the part of a cornice, a course of brick-on-edge overlaying lead coping the parapet, and four recessed courses tapering the chimneys. The material is the well-known local Daneshill brick, the only variation being a deep claret-coloured brick for the window-heads. The bond employed for the walls is original and interesting: alternate courses of headers and stretchers, but

with the joints of the headers coming not immediately above those below, as is usual, but gradually moving over to one side. This gives a delightful texture to the brickwork (Figs. 4 and 5), not a regular diaper so much as the effect of a faint herring-bone. It was descriptively called "Jacob's Ladder bond" by the bricklayers.

By these means sufficient variety of texture and emphasis is obtained to render stone dressings unnecessary for enlivening the surface. The broad white-painted wooden window-frames and porches are amply sufficient in this respect. We find, indeed, a nice relationship between the materials and the design. This sensitive craftsmanship in brickwork corresponds to the avoidance of pomposity secured in the elevations by the modifications of symmetry. The result is a house with a satisfying homogeneity that grows on one the better one knows it—which is the ideal quality of a home.

The front door opens into a corridor-hall, separated by a broad arch from a Port-

land stone staircase with delightful wrought-iron balustrade, ascending in a graceful sweep to the right (Fig. 2). To the left lie the pantry, kitchen, and servants' hall; in front the principal living-room, with the dining-room (Fig. 7) on its left and drawing-room (Fig. 6) on its right. The study, which has the big west bay window, is entered beneath the staircase. Except for the dining-room painted in soft stippled green, which has a good deal of "period" decoration, the rooms are simply finished. The principal living-room has a lightly barrelled plain plaster ceiling. In the drawing-room the walls are lined with flush-surfaced pearwood. It is a question, however, whether this beautiful modern form of wall-lining, the product of an essentially scientific overcoming of wood's natural properties, requires even such classical mouldings as are retained here, and which, to be pedantic, derive from external stone masonry. All the doors to the reception-rooms are treated as single surfaces in this way, employing sheets of finely figured hardwoods, in conjunction with which the delicate classical detail of the door-cases seems misplaced. Flush panelling, by its nature, seems to demand over-all flush treatment, such as is used in the admirable kitchen (Fig. 8), designed by Mrs. Darcy Braddell. Incidentally a scullery is dispensed with, following modern practice by which all kitchen washing up is done in the kitchen itself, which is quite large enough for its dual purpose. Since the comfort of domestics must, rightly, play a large part in the country house of the future, the arrangements made here are well worth study. They have, in effect, a house to themselves in the subsidiary wing. The servants' hall looks out on to a pleasant little garden reserved for their use; and to the north of their quarters, divided from the forecourt by a dwarf wall, lies a servants' court of considerable area. Garage buildings, service cottages, and heating plant open on to this.

Weston Corbett is a remote little parish in High Hampshire, in that delectable belt of arable downland between Basingstoke and Alton threaded by a labyrinth of winding lanes. Village and church have long since disappeared—the latter was stated to be "ruined and profaned" in Elizabeth's reign. Yet its successive owners provide occasional links with history. Through the Corbetts,



7.—IN THE DINING-ROOM
Georgian period decoration



8.—A BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED KITCHEN
Sinks, eliminating a scullery, are behind the observer

who gave their name to this half of the Weston manor, this stretch of Hampshire downs became for a time unexpectedly involved with affairs on the Welsh marches, so that for some years in the thirteenth century it belonged to a Welsh princess—or at least a prince's daughter's foster-mother. In 1224, by command of Henry III, the Corbett lands in Weston were assigned as a dowry to "the wife of Robert, son of Madoc, for the love he (the King) bore her, in that she had been foster-mother to his niece, the daughter of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales." A hundred years later the manor is found in the hands of another great Anglo-Welsh family, de Breuse, lords of Gower. The warren in Weston Corbett, usually the sign of there being a dwelling of some importance there, was granted by Edward I. Under his successor the manor passed to the Mowbrays by marriage and so to the de Bohuns, of whom Sir Humphry was killed at Bannockburn by the hand of Robert Bruce himself. In the next century a daughter of Sir John Bohun of Midhurst took it to Sir David Owen, a natural son of Owen Tudor. His descendant John Owen of Wootton sold it in 1558 to a London alderman, James Althan. Thenceforward the property seems to have been little more than an investment for successive Elizabethan and Stuart business men, till a Leghorn merchant, Gilbert Serle,

bought it in 1700. His descendants kept it till, in 1784, Peter Serle bequeathed Weston Corbett to "the son of my sister Sukey," wife of Sir William Oglander, who sold it to John Purefoy Jervoise of adjacent Herriard. By that family the old manor was farmed and forested for a century and a half till its purchase by Mr. Heseltine a few years ago, when, perhaps for the

first time in its long history, a house of any considerable size was built on the manor. Yet by taking the non-committal name of Place the new house does not challenge the doubtful right of one of the farms or cottages on the estate to be the descendant of whatever was the manorial house of the Corbetts and Bohuns.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



THE PARSON AND THE MAGPIE

EVERY journalist has had rubbed into him one principle, said to have been laid down by a leader of his profession. It is that "Dog bites man" is not news, but "Man bites dog" is news deserving a big headline. I am wondering at the moment which is the better news, "Clergyman kills magpie" or "Magpie kills clergyman." I am afraid the second is more striking, but the first is better than none at all (especially as COUNTRY LIFE has lately had some correspondence about magpies) and I have a few days since received a letter from a clergyman who did kill a magpie with a golf ball. As I am told by one learned in such beliefs that every magpie has a drop of the Devil's blood in it, it is particularly appropriate that a clergyman should do this deed. And yet he does not seem at all puffed up with his achievement or his shot; indeed he is sorry about it. It happened on a course in the North-west of England; one must not be more precise in case it helps the Germans. The magpie is said to have been fielding "at long-on, very deep," so I suppose the clergyman hit one of those drives with a slight hook which give the hitter such intense physical satisfaction but do not always end in exactly the right place. The ball hit the magpie full pitch and killed it stone dead.

When I had digested his letter I turned at once to my friend and ally, almost my only golfing book from which the Germans have not temporarily parted me, *The Golfers' Hand-book*. Here, if anywhere, I should discover whether a parson had ever killed a magpie before. Apparently it is a unique circumstance, but what a lot of other birds and animals have at one time or another been killed by golfers! Two water wagtails at one shot; two gulls at successive holes, and that by a golfer with only one arm, so that one wonders what he might have done with two; a sparrow-hawk, a partridge, a young hare, and a 2lb. trout, which last must have compensated the player for having to lift with loss of stroke from a water hazard; there are but few of the bags recorded. The story I liked best was of Abe Mitchell playing a shot out of the rough in South Africa and feeling his club strike something hard. He took a second swing and unearthed a tortoise which was, so we are led to believe, sufficiently

armoured to suffer from nothing worse than shock. All these feats were accomplished by laymen, and I was shutting the book, a little disappointed, when I came across the story of the Rev. D. Jones, of Bala. He found his ball lying by the mouth of a rabbit hole and prepared to play a shot with his mashie. Just as the mashie came flashing down a rabbit popped

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

out of the hole and there, regrettably, was the end of it. So far as purely clerical honours are concerned my correspondent must consent to be bracketed with the Rev. D. Jones of Bala.

One for sorrow,
Two for joy.
Three for a wedding,
Four for a boy.

That is, I believe, the ancient jingle about meeting magpies, and I only wish for my correspondent's sake that, when he was about it, he had hit two of them at one fell swoop.

A great many people, as well as birds and animals, are no doubt hit by golf balls, and yet the surprising thing is surely how few are hit. I have now played golf for some 56 years and I believe, in a good hour be it spoken, that I have only hit two people in all that time; a small sister on the nose (it was fortunately a soft and pudgy nose) and a small caddie on the head, which was, thank heaven, perfectly healed by the gift of half a crown. I have myself been hit three times, but only in the mildest manner. That is not much all told in 56 years.

A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
Some fury wings it and some demon guides.

So wrote my great-great-grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, in one of his more obviously inspired moments. He was not writing about golf, but about Eliza, who rashly took her children to look on at a battle. The principle

is the same, however. Periodically a demon does guide the ball in an unfortunate manner, but it is very rarely that he does so. The golf ball is a tiny object and the links a very large open expanse, and as a rule there is "very little damage and no casualties." The golfer who plays on crowded courses comes gradually to recognise this, and can assume in consequence an air of considerable bravery. St. Andrew's is, superficially at least, by far the most alarming course of my acquaintance, not merely because there are so many people on it but because the outgoing and incoming nine traverse practically the same ground, and players are for ever hitting almost in each others' faces. I remember an Open Championship before the last War when Lord Northcliffe arrived at St. Andrews and asked me to take him out and see some play. He was not used to such a bombardment and was, I think, more interested in following the flight of the missiles than in the actual golf. People do get hit then, and there is, as old William Beldham called it, "many an all but," but there is wonderfully little harm done. Mr. Bobby Jones hit a spectator with his shot to the seventeenth hole in a famous match against Mr. Tolley, and some people say he would have been on the road and have lost the match if he hadn't, and some people say he would never have been near the road, and I, who was there, had turned my back and put my head down and can say nothing. As to whether or not the spectator was hurt I never even heard anyone hazard or guess. "The pace was too good to enquire."

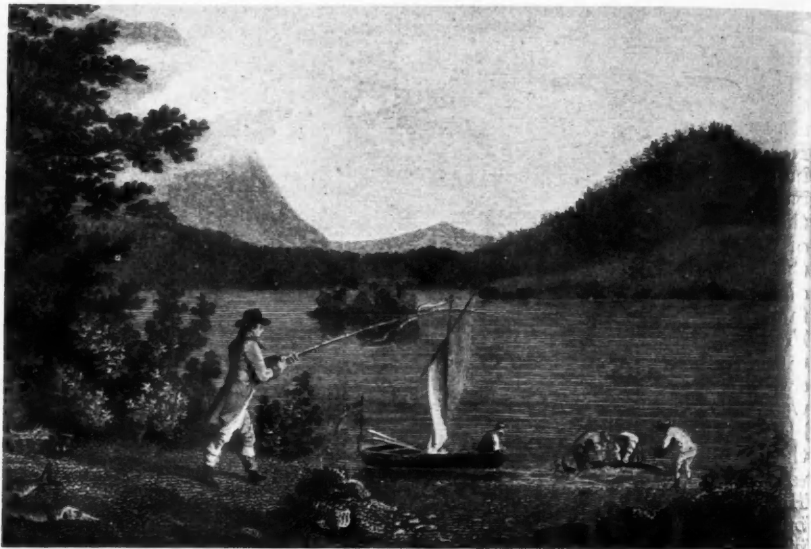
It seems to come to this, that both the clergyman and the magpie were each after his kind exceedingly unlucky. It does not follow, however, that we ought to hit and chance it when we see a solitary figure in the distance, for we might kill him and he might be an excellent citizen, even though he does get in the way. Let me end by quoting, in case some readers do not know it, from Mr. John Blackwood's account of Mr. Sutherland: "One day playing the last hole in, our friendly antagonist Mr. Kinlock, was about to strike off, when a boy appeared upon the bridge over the burn. Old Sutherland shouted out, 'Stop! Stop! Don't play upon him; he's a fine young golfer.'"

COLONEL THOMAS THORNTON

HIS SPORTING ACTIVITIES IN SCOTLAND. By EDMUND BARBER

IN a sale at Sotheby's recently a portrait of Colonel Thomas Thornton by Philip Reinagle came from Lord Ullswater. The celebrated sportsman was a relation of the ex-Speaker, his sister Mary having married Samuel Francis Barlow, who is Lord Ullswater's great-grandfather. But he had purchased this portrait some years ago, not inherited it.

The name of Colonel Thornton is still remembered in the annals of sport and, though he was not an eccentric like Osbaldeston or Mytton, he was undoubtedly a character. Arnold Bennett, who, by some means, happened latish in life to get hold of a copy of the *Sporting Tour*, called him a Card, and meant it in the full Bennett sense of the word. An engraving in the *Sporting Magazine* bears out his idea, but does not convince one, at any rate, that the Thornton who made the Tour was quite so eager and insatiable as he there appears, and as he may well have become when later he took seriously to whiskers and racing. Lord Ullswater's portrait, though containing an identical falcon to that in the print (which was also after Reinagle), presents a somewhat maturer and more splendid Thornton, with scarlet fur-collared coat, yellow waistcoat, and whiskers, and a medallion on a ribbon: the Thornton, perhaps, of *The Sporting Tour in France* of 1806—where he eventually took up his residence in, of all places, the Château de Chambord—rather than the Tom Thornton of *The Sporting Tour through the Northern Parts of England and Great Part of the Highlands of Scotland*. It may be taken as a good picture of him when he started out from Thornville Royal in 1786. He was then 29 years of age but already a figure in every field of sport. His grandfather had been knighted by Queen Anne, and his father, Colonel William Thornton, with a troop of yeomanry and tenantry (100 in number, and raised and fed at his own cost) had taken part in the '45. He had, as a matter of history, "served with great distinction under the Duke of Cumberland" at Culloden: a fact, one would have thought, not likely to endear his offspring to the Highlander. But



LANDING THE GREAT PIKE IN LOCH PETULLICH
(From a painting by Garrard)

Thomas, who was sent early from Charterhouse to Glasgow University and stayed there for five years, had many friends in Caledonia and no doubt as to his reception.

Before dipping into his story, it may be useful to say something of his attainments. Hawks and dogs formed the basis of his sporting establishment at Thornville Royal (started at the age of nineteen), and there he had revived the sport of falconry and founded the Falconers' Club. He was a Colonel of the West York Militia and kept

his own pack of foxhounds. He was fond of racing and rode matches himself. He was an excellent shot with gun and rifle and, to judge by his own record, a superlative fisherman. His chief interest in life was hawking. He hawked all over the neighbouring moors, Blubberhouses, Grassington, and the open country round Wetherby and Bramham. When the crops were standing he adjourned to the wolds, where he built himself a "Falconers' Hall" about 12 miles from Scarborough. He was necessarily a "gentleman of ample fortune." Nobody else could have made preparations in 1786 for an effective sporting campaign in the Highlands, for they were as extensive and costly—to quote Sir Herbert Maxwell—"as those required in the present day (1896) in Labrador." The Colonel's suite and its equipment were on a princely scale, including an artist to record the expedition: that excellent topographer and sporting painter George Garrard. The *Falcon* sloop was chartered in London, and at Thornville he embarked all his "stores, servants, guns, dogs, nets, oatmeal, beans, etc., together with the two boats." On June 8 "we ordered the crew an additional quantity of flip, to drink the health of our gracious sovereign and . . . the sails were spread, the crew gave us a salute, and with colours flying, the vessel fell down the Ouse for Hull" (where she was to take in biscuits, porter, etc., as well as ale and small beer—"the latter being a necessary I had found great want of"). Meanwhile the Colonel and his friends accepted a very genteel invitation from the Lord Mayor of York to dine with him and join heartily in commemorating the birthday of His Majesty.

It is impossible to do justice to the *Sporting Tour* except by reprinting at least half of it. Though hawking was the passion of Tom Thornton's life and the standard account of that life is to be found in Harting's *Bibliotheca Accipitraria*, it is not in the records of his use of falcons for killing ptarmigan and other "moor-game" that the chief interest of the book will be found. Though those records are interesting in themselves, the Colonel takes them so much as a matter of routine that they hardly impress his reader, any more than his day dedicated to public hawking impressed the worthy Scots of Strathspey. "About twenty-five people," he tells us, "met of the field, more to visit my kitchen, as I have had reason since to believe, than to see the hawks." It is otherwise with the fishing stories, which nowadays certainly have a tall flavour about them. Sir Walter Scott, who reviewed the *Sporting Tour* in the *Edinburgh* a little time after it appeared in 1800, may have thought so too, though he did not say so in so many words. He slated Thornton unmercifully for writing as a sportsman rather than as a naturalist.



PORTRAIT OF COLONEL T. THORNTON, BY P. REINAGLE, R.A.

"The performance is termed a Sporting Tour," writes Scott, "not because it conveys to the reader any information, new or old, upon the habits of the animals unfortunate enough to be distinguished as *game*, nor even upon the modes to be adopted in destroying them *secundum artem*; but because it contains a long, minute and prolix account of every grouse and black-cock which had the honour to fall by the gun of our literary sportsman—of every pike which gorged his bait—of every bird which was pounced by his hawks—of every hamster which was made by his servants—and of every bottle which was drunk by himself and his friends." Sir Walter in fact rather overdoes his censures, and we to-day find most interest in the very minuteness of description which he deplures.

With regard to the Colonel's absolute accuracy it is well to let an expert speak—remembering of course that he speaks in 1896. He surpasses all modern experience, wrote Sir Herbert Maxwell at that date, that a perch could be taken of the extraordinary weight of 7lb. 3oz., and although there is nothing incredible in the size of the pike taken in Loch Lave, measuring 64ins. from eye to tail-fork, nearly 6ft. in all, it means that this was one of the largest pike on record, estimated,

by the help of scales which only weighed to 29lb., at 47lb. or 48lb. If the length is correctly given, Sir Herbert thought, the Colonel's guess must have been very near the actual weight, and as to the average weight of trout captured, "greatly superior as it is to anything that could be accomplished in these days, there is no *prima facie* reason to doubt that it is faithfully given." The same probably applies to salmon, which, in Thornton's day, abounded in rivers where they no longer come. Sir Herbert Maxwell notes that the capture of five salmon, one of which weighed 41lb., before 8 a.m. in the Leven at Balloch seems an extraordinary performance, but in fairness to the Colonel he enters a caveat that this was the very place where Richard Franck and a tyro friend were "able to take as many salmon as they had a mind for." These are, however, minor matters compared with the charming *naïveté* and verve with which—pace Sir W. Scott, who objected to his French phrases—the Colonel has contrived to infuse his narrative.

If one may judge by the fervour with which he writes of it pike-fishing was Thornton's main obsession at the time, and he has a footnote describing his methods of taking these fish (*secundum artem* as Sir Walter would say) which is worth quotation in full, but of which

we can give only a few sentences here. It is an explanation of the apparently amazing statement suddenly thrown at the reader's head that "without loss of time we baited the fox-hounds and Merlin soon got a view: and after a burst down the lake, of a full mile, we killed a noble pike of about eleven pounds." The note appended shows that Thornton's conical (and presumably comical) floats were painted to represent favourite hounds, and "trifling wagers" were made on their success. "Where pike are in plenty," the Colonel explains, "before the hunters have run down the first pike others are seen coming towards them with a velocity proportionable to the fish that is at them. In a fine summer's evening, with a pleasant party, I have had excellent diversion, and it is, in fact, the most adapted, of any, for ladies, whose company gives a *gusto* to all parties."

This passage seems to give a key to the Colonel's very child-like nature and nobody reading the account of his diversions to-day could agree wholeheartedly with the illustrious author of the Waverley novels. Those novels are popularly supposed to have introduced the Highlands to the world, and it is worth remembering that, whereas *Waverley* was published in 1814, the *Sporting Tour* appeared in 1804.

CELEBRATING - By STEPHEN GWYNN

HARDLY anyone nowadays can help thinking about what is rationed; probably even the really rich find it hard to get some of the cheaper commodities—such as cheese. However, it is clear that the generality need not go hungry, but can be provided with rational—that is rationed—meals.

Rational—rationed—which is the more disgusting adjective? Even a good citizen may be excused if such words breed a disposition to revolt. Let us remember thankfully that the rationed is the common, the usual, the thing which it is reasonable to want; but outside this department lies the rare, the choice, the expensive, the unrationed. Let us remember thankfully that even in mid-rationing it is possible to celebrate. After reading Mr. Churchill's speech on the necessity of days off for war-time workers, I have a feeling that he would not disapprove this thankfulness; and that he would not condemn the way in which a party of us celebrated, on English soil but with wholly unrationed French vintages, the Fourteenth of July.

There is no fitter cause for gratitude, it may be to some individual beneficence, but in any case certainly to providence, than to have been offered, to have accepted, and appreciated, the opportunity to drink a great wine. My life has not been poor in such opportunities, nor has my appreciation of them failed; but never did I expect, in a season of scarcity, to meet with and enjoy the most perfectly composed menu of rare excellences that ever came my way. Even before the dreadful happenings of last year it would not have been easy to find a place in France itself where such a succession of wines could be got together; to-day of course anywhere in France it would be impossible. But at Bray-on-Thames our host accomplished what showed not only the resources of his cellar but his perfect understanding of the harmonies which can be evolved from the grape.

The company which was assembled was neither large nor small; it included Frenchmen and Frenchwomen as well as all the British nationalities and more than one other European race. Not all were known to each other before, but enough to make us mix easily; and in all we could count on two precious qualities—the love of France and the love of wine. When we were gathered, there was set before us, not any of your drinks which spoil the palate, but a great champagne—Krug of 1928. I myself think that is how champagne should be drunk—in isolation from a meal, only set off as here by some little biscuit or cheese confection.

And then we went in to dinner and had a double menu to study, beginning with caviare—and white Haut Brion. Probably all of us (or so in all) had drunk Haut Brion before and knew it as one of the four great growths; but I at least had never tasted the white wine

to which of late years a good part of that enclosure has been dedicated. It was, as one might expect, incomparably the best white Graves I had ever tasted—with a fire and strength in it not approached by so good a wine for instance as Château Carbonnieux. Still, I have a cult of Haut Brion proper—that is, the red wine which has a grave and dignified beauty with nothing freakish about it, but infinitely winning; and I grudge every rood of that ground to the white grape.

Then with our fish course, a salmi of lobster, came Bâtard Montrachet of 1921. Wine to drink with anything so cloying on the palate as shell fish needs to stand up and assert itself, and most surely the Montrachet did. I do not know the exact relation between Montrachet proper and the Bâtard, but never have I drunk a white Burgundy that seemed to me so completely what it should be as this. I remembered though, as I drank it, that, from that ground also, red as well as white is gathered; for Charles Walter Berry (whose name was often on our lips that July evening) gave me a red Montrachet, not on any list or market, which the owner of that famous *clos* had bestowed on him.

We had paid our tribute to Burgundy, and the composer of our menu wisely left it there; Chambertin, Clos Vougeot and the rest, demand strong meats to accompany them. We, in that rationed world, were to have chicken for our *pièce de résistance*; and for my part I never would anywhere ask for better; while if I have a partisanship for wines, it is for Bordeaux;

and among the wines of Bordeaux for which I have a special tenderness, the Domaine du Chevalier stands high. It is a small vineyard, little known to the general public, but ranking as a "second growth." The magnum offered us was of 1920: smooth it was and lovely. I had drunk this year in Dublin another bottle, of 1924—not quite so good, but perhaps the magnum made the difference. But of all the clarets of this century known to me none, I think, is equal to the wine produced by this *clos* in 1926—a year of drought when in most vineyards there was not even a quarter of a crop. What this little inconspicuous cultivator had done, or how fortune had favoured him, I cannot guess; but on his vines a very tolerable show of grapes was hanging. Eight or nine years later I was at the Croix d'Or in Rouen and anxious to drink a wine worthy of the meal we had ordered. My host advised Chevalier 1926, but I was of opinion it could not yet be matured after its un-rained-on development. "Well," said he, "I had Tardieu here for a week and he drank nothing else." Knowing the reputation of M. André Tardieu, I conformed and found him truly justified; and whoever can get a bottle of that wine should not miss it.

Very few can possibly get what came on our menus as the culminating point—Léoville Poyferré, again a magnum, but of 1878—the last year before the phylloxera. I wish it were not true, but true it is, that from that pest there has been no complete recovery. So great and generous a wine as we drank there Bordeaux has not been able to produce in this century. You sipped it and it was as if some beatific bomb exploded in your mouth. Lord, what a luxury!

After that, only one thing was possible for perfection, and we had it: Yquem of 1921 served with fruit—a choice of peach and nectarine. If in this world there is any vintage "tasting of Flora and the country green" it is one of these great Sauternes. A famous expert in white wine maintained to me in Bordeaux that Yquem was in a class by itself, but I cannot see it or feel it. Château d'Arche, Château Vigneau, Château Filhot, all have that strong and scented sweetness which harmonises so adorably with fruit.

At the end of all, when we had drunk to France, and to the wines of France, and to absent friends, came of course a great brandy; and the daughter of the famous shipper from whose cellars it had issued was among our guests—a fugitive, alas! but ready to join us in celebrating.

My memory is not exact as to all that passed; but I awoke next morning refreshed, and went back to the rationed and rational, with all the better spirit because for that once we had celebrated and run through the gamut of all a wise man should most desire to drink.

TREES AND GULLS

THE trees to-day stand very still
With leaves that hardly flicker:
Like green-clad crowds along a hill
They listen to the bicker,
Murmur and brattle far below,
Where tawny, white-flecked waters go,
The land's restraints unheeding,
Seaward, still seaward speeding.

While skies with sun-gilt azure bright
Make chequered patterns falling
Beneath spread branches, in their flight
Sea-gulls far off are calling.
Darkling their shadows skim a bay:
Themselves like driving snowballs play,
Then one by one quit driving,
And wings closed, drop, deep diving.

PATRICK FORD.

A NEW MARK TWAIN

Reviewed by A. L. ROWSE

One Foot in Heaven, by Hartzell Spence. (Harrap, 8s. 6d.)

THIS book has already had a warm reception over here, and quite rightly, for it is in its way a little American masterpiece. One would never have expected to be amused by the life of a Methodist minister, not even of an American Methodist minister. But this book does the trick; one is not merely amused but moved by it: it is such a delightful and convincing piece of humour and genuine, restrained pathos. It is just as if Mark Twain had come to life again and written this biography of a Wesleyan pastor in the Middle West.

In fact it is written by his son, who belongs to a more sophisticated and sceptical generation, a New York journalist. He regards the rather overwhelming figure of his father, which so dominated his earlier horizon, with great humour and tenderness, and with an admiration amounting to a rare and deserved devotion. For his father was clearly of the salt of the earth. A handsome and vigorous young Canadian of Scottish descent, who was studying at Toronto to be a doctor, he was converted by a Wesleyan revivalist bishop and from that moment determined to enter the ministry. He never faltered from his resolution, or indeed had a moment's doubt, though it meant that he and his family had to make sacrifices all along the line. Impetuous, ardent, lovable, a torrent of energy; humorous, a heart of gold, courageous—above all single-minded—he went on his course, carrying everything, or almost everything, before him. It is all very American, generous, hospitable to a degree; and one gets

a better insight into American life of the Middle West with the extraordinary kindness of the country people, the colonial simplicity, the less satisfactory features of the town life—a far better insight from this book than from hundreds of conventional surveys put together. The Rev. William H Spence—the H he had to insert to give himself status, but since it stood for nothing and he was a conscientious man he never put a stop after it—the minister, was a true man of God; but what gives his life its quality was that he had such enjoyment of every moment of it.

His more sceptical son did not enjoy it so much, though in retrospect it is suffused with the warm glow of a happy family life. "But we, examples of the Good Faith on this earth, righteously preparing for a land we weren't sure we'd like a bit, toed a narrow mark neither heavenly nor earthly. I knew, but never said, where we were: it was hell." It was, however, an amusing, exciting, enjoyable hell, in which the qualifications for a minister were as follows: "To be worth his salt a minister must be sincerely pious, narrow to the point of bigotry in his private life, a master politician with both his parish and the higher church organisation, and a financial juggler just one step up the heavenly ladder from Wall Street."

How this minister contrived to be all these and a fine fellow, a first-rate human being, into the bargain is the secret of this book. I think his sense of humour is the clue, while his struggles with church leaders, members of ladies' aid societies, Sew and So (!) Clubs, rich and wilful Wesleyan widows, one follows with the sympathy one bestows upon the adventures of Huckleberry Finn.

delightfully. The Laura of the book is admittedly the author; but here is no orgy of egoism. The shy, silent little girl living in a hamlet cottage with her poor but fiercely self-respecting parents, was not entirely engrossed in herself; she was taking notes with a particularity that now stands her in good stead. The simplicity and sincerity of her narrative raise it above more sophisticated autobiographies; people, places and a bygone way of life are made very real by Miss Thompson's modest, competent pen. To read *Over to Candleford* is to want to read its predecessor, *Lark Rise*, if one has not already done so.

A MODERN DR. JEKYLL

TO anyone who knows Mr. Patrick Hamilton's books a new one must always be an event. He can give his own very particular flavour to any subject he chooses; but his genius—and this is the right word to use—tends mainly towards the sordid and the grim. As his title—*Hangover Hall, or the Man with Two Minds* (Constable, 8s. 6d.)—suggests, his characters still haunt the plains of cement, still lay siege to a squalid pleasure in the saloon bar of the Midnight Bell. They are, as one of their number sees with a sudden, bitter clearness of vision, a "drunken, lazy, impecunious, neurotic, arrogant, pub-crawling, cheap lot of swine." Or rather, this would be an exact description of them—second-rate creatures of the snack-bar and the road-house—if anybody else wrote of them; but when Mr. Hamilton writes about them they are sinister as well as futile, almost pathetic as well as wholly odious; they fascinate even while they repel and the reader must go on thinking about them.

Moreover, one of them, George Bone, is not odious at all. Despite his utter weakness, there is about him an essential kindness and decency, as opposed to the selfishness and brutality of his company, which makes decent people, when he knows any, grow fond of him. He stands out in admirable contrast to Netta, the worthless, heartless little wretch, whom he dumbly adores, because Netta, like Mr. Hyde, is pure evil. The name of Mr. Hyde is apposite because I have perhaps put the cart before the horse and this book is primarily, I suppose, a study of "schizophrenia," that "split personality" of which we read sometimes in murder trials. George Bone ever since he was a boy has had these "dead moods" when something goes click in his head "as though one had blown one's nose too hard and the outer world had suddenly become dim and dead." What he has done and desired in these times he can, when they are past, but vaguely guess. As with Dr. Jekyll, they grow ever more frequent with indulgence and they bring one ever fiercer desire which can end only in tragedy.

I cannot restrain too tentative wonderings. Do not these times come, vanish and come again too frequently, so that the reader grows confused? Do not Netta and her gang drink too much and too specifically so that, for all the author's skill, the reader is apt to sicken of them? Probably I am quite wrong and Mr. Hamilton quite right in holding that only by this slow process of building up could his picture be presented in its full power. Of its power and intensity there can be no two opinions. B. D.

COTTAGE CHILDHOOD

How much we have read about upper-middle-class childhood round about the 'eighties, and how little about childhood in humbler homes of the same period. Miss Flora Thompson's *Over to Candleford* (Oxford University Press, 8s. 6d.) does something to correct the balance, and does it

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE

ANY book which comes from the brilliant pen of Lin Yutang is welcome. His newest, however, *With Love and Irony* (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.) is a collection of articles written during the course of years for various periodicals, Chinese, English, American. If read in large gulps there is perhaps a sameness about them. One can hardly expect a menu of "swallows' nests" throughout all 49 essays. They should be read as written, half an hour at a time. "Let me put my lips to them when so disposed," as said Sairey Gamp. But they bring to our Western palates an unexpected and wholesome dash of spice, occasionally garlic, which adds interest to our plainer dishes. Like his fellow-Chinese, and ourselves, Lin Yutang has a double gift of humour. He can be mellow and kindly, and also sharp and astringent. The first essay in the book is inimitable: it is a study of the British Lion.

One moment the author is solemnly admiring us, the next he is poking us in the ribs. He projects his shafts with such verve and accuracy that one bursts out laughing again and again. Our paradoxical habit of miscalling all our greatest institutions and highest achievements specially lays us open to his darts and flashes. "Take the amazing, British Empire," the fellow slyly exclaims, "to-day still the greatest empire in the world. How did the English build it?" Then he answers: "By an entire absence of logical reasoning." And he proceeds to prove his point with the guile of simplicity. In the same way, he attends faithfully to our so-called Monarchy, "in reality a Democracy," to the Labour Party, to Oxford University. One most entertaining paragraph is a summary of the inconsistencies of the Anglican Church. "A hodge-podge of Roman mutton with English sauce," he calls it, "a popish theology without a pope, being merely the expression of the political sense of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth. It is absurd, it is ridiculously illogical, and to-day it is hopelessly antiquated. It is a supreme example of the English spirit of compromise. But it is a church that works and survives to-day."

It is an astonishing thing that, out of all the number of modern essayists and leader-writers in the English tongue, one of the most sparkling should be a Chinese. No greater compliment has been paid our tongue, since Conrad applied himself to use the same medium. And this compliment is paid by a Chinese, whose forebears since the dawn of time have been creators of literature, who knows what sound work means, and how to handle discriminatingly his alien tool.

DOROTHY HOSIE.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

By E. M. DELAFIELD

MISS FRANCES PITT has been kind enough to write a letter from Shropshire, suggesting that the snake-skinning kitten that I saw was really a kitten that had found its prey obligingly skinned already. I feel sure she is right: I was about fourteen years old at the time, and certainly not a very trained observer, and such powers as I may have possessed were probably blunted by my horror at the sight!

The story—and Miss Pitt's letter—raised a long discussion in my own immediate circle. One of those present deposed to having, as a child, seen either a toad or a frog sloughing its skin and asked which of the two it was more likely to have been?

Rather to my surprise, nobody felt disposed to give a definite verdict. Personally, I should have expected it to be a frog. Perhaps some of COUNTRY LIFE's readers can settle the question. It reminded me of the old superstition that Shakespeare evidently knew—although he may not have known it for superstition:

... the toad, ugly and venomous
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

That, I believe, originated in the toad's predilection for making itself a home in the fissure of a rock or large stone. There was often a piece of sparkling mica in the rock, and this may well have been—seen through a very narrow aperture—supposed to be a "jewel" or bright stone, on the head of the toad, rather than above it. The toad, presumably, did not come out into the open and disillusion its admirers on the subject. I have always understood that toads were far more intelligent than frogs, as well as much longer lived.

When we were talking of the skin-sloughing animals, one man told an anecdote that startled me considerably, although probably naturalists know all about it already. He was once called to see "a black beetle being attacked by a white beetle." On close investigation this proved to be one black beetle only, shedding its skin. Denuded, the insect was white and appeared almost transparent. It was brought into strong daylight and kept under observation, and it gradually grew darker and darker until the white skin had deepened and darkened, and it was once more a black beetle.

Blonde into brunette, in fact.

* * *

PRETTIER, though less scientific, subject is that of the drive which I took last week from Barnstaple to Croyde Bay. (It was on a legitimate errand, to do approved war work, for which I had been allowed a small amount of supplementary petrol.)

My car, like so many others, bears the label "Lifts for Service-men," and I am always very glad indeed when it justifies itself. I had just parted from two young Air Force men when I overtook an elderly pedestrian—stout and hot; probably a farm labourer. The sun was blazing down, and he was at least three miles from any visible habitation.

Of course, I stopped to offer him a lift, and his surprise and pleasure made me realise that elderly civilians may perhaps sometimes wish that there were labels on cars for their benefit, too. My passenger proved excellent company. After ascertaining that I knew Barnstaple market, he began to talk about it.

"When I were a boy," he said, "up to

Barnstaple market you could buy mazzards [*i.e.* cherries] in a cabbage leaf. They were sold at 2½d. a pound, the best ones. There was second-quality ones at 2d. a pound, but the best ones was 2½d. You could sit there and eat 'un—and if you felt you could manage a second lot, why, you could get they—2½d. a pound, in a cabbage leaf."

* * *

It was like a ghostly refrain from another world—but I don't think either of us showed, or indeed felt, any resentment at the startling changes that have overtaken life and the mazzards alike. We had lived in two worlds, that was all—for, although I cannot remember mazzards in a cabbage-leaf at 2½d. a pound,

I was grown-up in the last war—and there was a kind of nostalgic pleasure in recalling the almost incredible past.

* * *

IN order to continue the conversation, which I was enjoying, I spoke to him about the coastline. It is perfectly lovely, with the sea and the sand-dunes on one side of the road, and a slope of down on the other on which the heather showed a glowing purple. I said that the bathing—which I know of old—was dangerous, as indeed it is.

The loyal Devonian replied that there'd been a-many drowned there, first and last, but "tidn't not to say dangerous."

One would like to know what would be, in his opinion, "to say dangerous."

SO much has been said and written, with a perfect truth, about the difficult and unconstructive ways of the mothers of evacuees that it seems only fair to write something of one who, after a year, came down to our village to visit her three children.

She was a silent woman, probably owing to being rather deaf, and made only three recorded utterances.

"I never saw them look so well or so happy; it's wonderful to know they're here."

"I hope they don't give any trouble, and make themselves useful in the house."

"The war will be over one day and then I can have them home again—but not before. It would be wicked."

She was not a countrywoman, but a Cockney born and bred.

CORRESPONDENCE

FROM A PRISONER IN GERMANY

SIR,—Here are some extracts from letters from my husband, Major C. H. Rodney Gee, at Oflag IX A/H.

"June 10. Received July 18. 5½ weeks in transit.

Back again and in heavenly attic room with Clout and Feneley and most superb view up valley with castle on the right. A clothing parcel for me is here, but I haven't got it yet. Forty-eight hour journey in heat was not good. Glorious weather and air lovely. Found Grundy and the others we left still here and some more. We three are in a new mess of eight. Got another Red Cross parcel on Thursday as we left.

June 13. Received July 24. 6 weeks in transit.

Got your lovely February parcel yesterday . . . Red Cross had crossed out pillow. Things not crossed out but missing were photo frame (again!) pipe, bag and 4½ of the 5½ slabs of chocolate. It is so disappointing for you. I saw the parcel unpacked and they were not there . . . some people have had photo frames and some had a lot of chocolate and in its proper wrapping, while my ½ lb. was in a scrap of brown paper and tastes of moth balls. Played yard cricket and darts yesterday. Lots of flowers here, and the lilac was glorious on our long train journey. Some baccy parcels are coming, so mine may soon. I love our little room—it has a dark ante-room where we keep all our clothes, etc., and I love having a single-decker bed. I have most of my photos in cheap folding frames round me and books and cigarettes, etc. It is up 60 odd stairs, which is good exercise. It is far end of big building in photo . . . Don't buy any more khaki at all for me, as civil stuff will do, unless I ask for it. Don't want service dress here. . . . Don't need books for lectures—stopped at once as no room.

June 22. Received July 17. 3½ weeks in transit.

Numbering of letters either way is forbidden and also reference to them by number. Sorry not to have written for nine days, but have been hoping for letters and none has come. Hope you know by now of our safe return here. There are lots of seriously wounded here, which is a good object lesson in gratitude. . . . Got Red Cross parcel on Monday. Glorious weather; too hot for me. Shall need white sun hat for next summer? We have a cricket league, and I am running West and won our first match. Home-made balls and a comic and difficult game. Played in shoes and short pants only! Have played darts, tenikoits, made shelves, attended German lessons and read quite a lot—all light stuff. Work is almost impossible in this lotus-eating life. I spend hours at our window watching our games and village life and a farmyard and the view. I feed a lot of geese and ducks every evening in the stream, which I can hear in bed. Lights out 11. Rev. 7.30.

June 30. Received July 25. 3½ weeks in transit.

No letter from you for a month! But they will come soon. . . . New pipe is lovely and baccy and cigarettes are simply grand. If we had been told last June it would be 13 months before we got reasonable supplies of smokes from England we would have had a fit. Have smoked cigarettes of 14 different countries since then and cigars in pipe and leaves, etc. . . . Parcel from U.S.A. on May 14. That and two previous ones were heavenly, as they came when we had nil to smoke and few amenities. Now



OFLAG IX A/H, FROM WHICH MAJOR RODNEY GEE, WRITES

we are O.K. for baccy and cigarettes, but extras, especially luxury things like chocolate, cigarettes, cake, biscuits, fruit are heavenly. I don't want to spend much of my, or anyone's money on such extras, but they are nice! . . . Weather has broken. I have known where Bn. is for months and don't much envy them. Another hideous photo enclosed. I had an awful one taken at Stalag with a number hung round my neck, but couldn't buy one.



LORD BLEDISLOE AND THE FISHERMAN

Hope to get more taken soon. Lot of April parcels came to-day, so mine may soon. . . .—NANCY GEE, Cloverley, Chinley, Derbyshire.

TWENTY-NINE MAGPIES

SIR,—The letters you have published about large flocks of magpies remind me that last year, in mid-April, I saw in Sussex a congregation of 29 of these birds. They were mostly perched in one large and isolated tree, while a few were in the hedge below. After a time they dispersed, leaving in two opposite directions.

Two days later, at the same spot, 26 magpies flew over in small parties within the space of a few minutes. All went in the same direction, and did not settle within sight.

Such flocking seems the more remarkable at a season when the birds should have been well on with their nesting.—A. A. WRIGHT, 9, East Bourne, Watford Road, St. Albans, Hertfordshire.

"DIEHARDS ON THE FARM"

SIR,—What in much brevity *England and the Farmer* advocates are mixed crops in due rotation, organic fertilisers on the farm as opposed to artificials off the farm, and the balance of livestock with grass and arable. Yet "A Farmer" in your issue of August 8 translates this programme into a plea for "the single-furrow plough and the midden." If small-scale yeoman as opposed to large-scale farming by the methods of big business is defended in the book, it is principally on the ground that the former secures while the latter prevents such conditions of healthy agriculture. The fact that Sir George Stapledon is one of the contributors is surely warrant in itself that the foolishness ascribed to the book comes from "A Farmer's" reading of it, not the book itself. Merely to trot out that exhausted cliché, "putting the clock back," as he uses it, paralyses all open argument, freedom of enquiry and serious thinking. In the 'thirties, Mr. A. G. Street championed specialised grass-farming. To plough up the pastures of his doctrine is quite definitely "putting the clock back." Then why mishandle the book by such childish irrelevancies about returning "to the conditions when Adam delved and Eve span"?

Lastly, has "A Farmer" read Sir Albert Howard's *Agricultural Testament*? If not, let him do so. He will find there abundance of the evidence he asks for as to the immense superiority of composted over artificial fertilisers.—H. J. MASSINGHAM, Editor of *England and the Farmer*.

A ROYAL STURGEON

From Viscount Bledisloe.

SIR,—I wonder whether this photograph, taken with my snapshot camera, may interest some of your readers. The sturgeon is, as you know, a royal fish, and generally when caught in the United Kingdom waters has to be sent to the King. I am one of the very few persons (and my neighbour, the Earl of Berkeley, is another) in the kingdom who, by immemorial custom, are entitled to keep the sturgeon if caught in their waters. This particular sturgeon, weighing between 70lb. and 80lb., is a comparatively small one. During my 34 years' ownership of the Lydney Park fisheries, I have had several brought to me weighing over 100lb., and one about 200lb.—BLEDISLOE, Redhill House, Lydney, Gloucestershire.



A RELIC OF THE PAST

THE LAST BATH CHAIR

SIR,—The war has killed the Bath chair, product of Bath, a relic over a century old. A few years ago there were 50 or 60 licensed wheel-chairs lined up outside the west door of the Abbey ready to take bathers and cure patients back to their hotels.

The last wheel-chairman said in the first year of the war: "My clients have gone as a result of the taking over of the hotels for Civil Servants, and days often pass without a hiring; I cannot continue the job for long."

These very interesting chairs were handed down from father to son, and some belonged to their great-grandfathers. In the Victorian era there were once 162 available. The invalid, after treatment, had to be kept in the same hot temperature; this could be done only by the bath-chair, virtually an air-tight compartment. It could go anywhere, into the Pump Room, private houses, shops, railway stations, and even into the Abbey for service.

It had been hoped the Corporation would subsidise the occupation as a picturesque feature of Bath life, but alas! it is not to be, even in these days of petrol rationing.—BLADUD.



DEFYING ALL CATS

A CAT-PROOF NEST-BOX

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows a family of blue tits in a nest-box which has been occupied each year since 1929. The tits seem to know that it is cat-proof, as they always choose it in preference to the shallow box type.

It is made from a log, and is in two sections so that the front can be removed for inspection. A longish vertical tunnel leads from the entrance to the nesting chamber and this is circular and so needs the minimum amount of building material.

No cat would ever be able to reach the young birds with its claws, and yet the young tits find no difficulty in climbing up the tunnel when the time

comes to leave the nest.—JOHN H. VICKERS, Hillcote, Hinksey Hill, Oxford.

[The activity of young tits is amazing, and we have known them ascend without apparent difficulty a length of upright iron spouting. Where cats are a danger a nest-box of this pattern has much to recommend it.—ED.]

"BRINGING UP HODGE"

SIR,—I have just noticed in a recent issue your quotation from Dr. Rattray's letter to *The Times* that "practical experience (in agriculture) should come before academic training."

The Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph (unsurpassed, I believe, by any), where my son went (he is now on a large farm in Kenya, managing for the Government), insists that every student before entering the college must spend seed-time to harvest on a farm for practical experience. Natives of Ontario pay no fee, other Canadians £20 a year; as a foreigner my son paid £40, which he earned on a farm before entering.—VERE CALDWELL, Risby, Merton Avenue, Chandler's Ford, Eastleigh, Hampshire.

PORTAGE BY DONKEYS AT WATCHET

SIR,—In this mechanical age it was refreshing to find the patient ass still employed in a local industry. Every year we visit at least once a notable haunt of nightingales near Watchet on the coast of West Somerset. When the tide is out there is a level stretch of shore extending for several miles, and consisting of flat slabs of rock broken with patches of sand and shingle. One day we were surprised to see a string of donkeys approaching in single file along the shore. We found that they were employed to carry loads of limestone boulders to a limekiln perched on the cliff's edge. The journeys can be made at low tide only, as at high water the sea comes right up to cliffs, which, in some places, are two or three hundred feet in height. We have on several occasions hoped to take photographs of the donkeys, for their approach over the shore makes a picturesque scene, suggesting a foreign setting. Recently we were lucky, for as we were descending to the beach we saw the leading donkeys rounding a rocky outcrop from the cliffs, which, incidentally, are here seamed with pink and white alabaster, and obtained the accompanying photograph. As appears from the picture, the stone is carried in wooden pannier-saddles. In conversation with the donkeys' keeper we ascertained that the loads are apportioned according to the strength and age of each animal and to the distance the burdens have to be carried. The donkeys were in good condition, and were obviously well cared for; some of them are 30 years old. We saw one which has been pensioned off quietly feeding in a field near. Photography was made difficult by the fact that the donkeys were anxious to get rid of their loads and so refused to halt. Their keeper, Mr. Gordon Gould, takes a great pride in his charges.—E. W. HENDY, Holt Austiss, Porlock, Somerset.

FOUNDERS OF BRISTOL

SIR,—Statues of Belinus and Brennus, pre-Roman folk who are believed to have founded Bristol, appear on St. John's Gate, the last remaining way through the city wall, through which came Queen Elizabeth in 1574. The church above is St. John's-on-the-Walls, the only one left in the country actually built on a city wall. The statues were

recently recoloured by Professor Tristram to their mediæval appearance.—F. R. WINSTONE, Bristol.

JUDAS TREES

SIR,—The profuse flowering of the Judas tree, *Cercis siliquastrum*, in early summer, after two such winters as we have had, makes one wonder why this charming tree is not commoner in English gardens. The lilac-pink blossoms entirely cover the dark, leafless branches, making a picture that always attracts attention.

In Beach Park Gardens, Worthing, there is a good specimen, with a ceanothus wisely planted



CARRYING LIMESTONE TO THE KILN

near it; the rosy lilac of cercis makes a delightful combination with ceanothus's slate-blue. These are in the open, and Worthing, in spite of its reputation for sunshine, has had its full share of frost and icy winds the last three winters.

Even in gardens entirely devoted to digging for victory the Judas tree might be allowed to flourish, for the pleasant sorrel-acid flavour of the flowers makes them a welcome addition to salads. They have also been made into fritters—dipped in batter—and the buds can be pickled.

The tree is a native of the Mediterranean regions; in its own countries it develops what are evidently conspicuous seed-pods; these give this species of cercis its name, siliquastrum. The legend that it was upon one of these cercis trees that Judas hanged himself appears to have come from a corruption of "kuamos" tree (the podbearing or bean tree) into Judas tree.—A. MAYO, Worthing.



BELINUS AND BRENNUS ON ST. JOHN'S GATE, BRISTOL



CLAY MODELS OF CHARACTERISTIC COTTAGES FROM HUNTINGDONSHIRE, LANCASHIRE AND DEVON

COTTAGE MODELS FOR POSTERITY

SIR,—Destruction of our beautiful buildings both large and small is so rampant just now that I thought you might care to see the enclosed photographs showing cottage models which should be most valuable, not only as works of art, but as records, in years to come.

Miss Margaret Binns, an art mistress of Middlesbrough, has spent many years in making such models. In pre-war days she would travel about in different English counties looking for characteristic or otherwise notable cottage dwellings. Having found one to her liking she would photograph the building from all angles, or make a series of rough drawings, and then take careful note of any peculiar colourings, produced, say, by lichen, or the ordinary weathering processes on tiles or stones.

On returning home she re-created each cottage in clay, reproducing every detail of architecture and "atmosphere" with remarkable skill and accuracy. I have seen lovely examples of her work from Worcestershire, Devonshire, Huntingdonshire, and Lancashire—the last three counties being represented in my photographs. The Lancashire example is especially noteworthy, for it reproduces an old weaver's cottage, with stump used when winding the yarn, a drying area, and a charming balcony.

—G. B. WOOD, Leeds.

A MARE'S LEAP

SIR,—At Cromford in Derbyshire I recently came across an inscription on its ancient bridge which I think is of interest.

As the photograph shows, this inscription reads "The leap of R.M.B.H. Mare June 1697," and is cut in the parapet. At this spot it is said, a horse, ridden by a Benjamin Haywood who lived near by,



THE BESOM-MAKER AT WORK

BUY A BROOM!

SIR,—The Government have advised all farmers to have a supply of brooms near the harvest fields to beat out fire in case the enemy attacks with fire

bombs. I send you a picture of a besom-maker at work.—C. F. F. SNOW, School House, Braywood, Windsor.

WICKHAMFORD CHURCH

SIR,—Penelope Washington, whose remains lie within the altar rails, under her "stars and stripes," in Wickhamford Church, was not, as your correspondent writes, the wife of Samuel Sandys, nor is Wickhamford in fact a "Washington home."

The daughter of Colonel Henry Washington (for he was not knighted), she lived at Wickhamford Manor with her stepfather and mother, Elizabeth Packington of Westwood Park, who had married secondly Samuel Sandys of Wickhamford and Ombersley (the latter still the seat of the present Lord Sandys). As her curious and lengthy epitaph states, Penelope died a spinster: "Haec Divini Numinis suma cum religione Cultrix assidua. Aegrotantib. et Egenis mira promptitudine liberalis et benefica. Humilis et casta et soli Christo nupta."

In spite of this testimony, which no other records disprove, to her superior virtues, Penelope is reputed to haunt the Manor and her harmless presence is still occasionally felt and seen. An uncharitable tradition in the village persists that she hanged herself with her garter in her room at the top of the front stairs.

Her relationship with George Washington is perfectly well established. She was a distant cousin several times removed, and she flourished quite a century before that great man's birth.

Wickhamford Church is certainly one of the most historically interesting in all Worcestershire. It preserves intact its square pews, three-decker pulpit, Jacobean gate and altar rails, mediaeval plaster walls, flagstone floor—and its Victorian hanging oil lamps, besides the elaborate seventeenth-century monument to the Sandys family of alabaster and touchstone, richly coloured and gilt.—JAMES LEES-MILNE, Wickhamford Manor, Evesham.

THE WHALE-BONE ARCH

SIR,—The whale-bone arch has often been mentioned elsewhere, and the size remarked upon.

At Wassell Wood, Bewdley, there is an arch big enough for a carriage and pair, to say nothing of the coachman and his whip, to drive under. The arch is larger than any I have read of. I have not the slightest idea of its previous history. It is of course some miles from the sea!—H. L. EDWARDS, The Corner, Cassio Road, Watford.

RUSH SUNDAY

SIR,—I am interested in the correspondence on "Rush Sunday" in your issue of June 28. I note from the picture that the rushes on the floor are evidently *Scirpus lacustris*, the true bulrush, the stems being rounded.

I always understood that the rush that was used to strew the floors of the Abbeys in Wolsey's time was the scented flag rush, namely, *Acorus Calamus*, which is of a flat, sword-like growth sweetly scented when bruised or crushed, and incidentally more comfortable to lie upon, as I believe the custom was in the past.

Is it possible that over such a length of years a change has taken place, possibly owing to a difficulty in procuring the scented rush and that that is why the old bulrush is now used.—ROBT. W. WALLACE, The Old Gardens, Tunbridge Wells.



THE OLD BRIDGE AT CROMFORD AND (right) THE INSCRIPTION COMMORATING THE MARE'S LEAP

decided to take a short cut and leaped the parapet, landed in the water about 20ft. below, and cantered across the river with rider still up and both unhurt! The jump was made from above the arch on the left where the ruins of a bridge chapel stand covered with ivy.

Another interesting point about this ancient bridge is that the arches on the down-stream side are pointed as shown (the old pack-horse bridge), while on the other side, which has been widened, they are round. A story is told of two artists who, upon reaching home, quarrelled over whose painting was correct!—F. RODGERS, 94, Browning Street, Derby.



THE ESTATE MARKET

SOME PRESENT-DAY CONSIDERATIONS

IN normal times August and September are marked by an almost entire cessation of activity in the auction room. This is in part ascribable to the legal profession's vacation. Not much can be done without the direction or assistance of the solicitors, and normally they do not encourage the offering of property at this time of the year. This year, however, the circumstances are wholly different, and auctions have been arranged and conducted with much readiness and a large measure of success. Private negotiation is as active as ever, and, if it were not for the fact that so many transactions nowadays have to be withheld from publication, the aggregate turnover week by week would be seen to compare very favourably with that of a year ago. But business is tending to flow through fewer channels, so many firms being virtually out of action owing to the obligations of service with the Forces.

ENFORCED PRIVACY OF TRANSACTIONS

AGENTS have to face many difficulties in these days. Many of their transactions cannot be published for reasons of State, and recent cases have indicated that, in selling the contents of houses, auctioneers have to keep ever before them all the regulations as to controlled prices of commodities that quite commonly figure among the lots to be dispersed in the average furniture auction. There are ticklish questions to be faced in negotiating tenancies, and one of them—the legal meaning of a letting “for the duration of the war”—is likely to be considered at a coming County Court sitting.

The mass of new provisions to be borne in mind by agents makes their task more onerous than of old, and this at a time when the calling-up of partners and staff may have left an office seriously understaffed. What may be for practical purposes regarded as a one-man business, that is where the firm really consists of a single professional head, has in innumerable instances had to close down in recent months. It is true that a good many firms have offered to do what they can to keep alive the

practice of professional brethren thus situated, but clients have not always fallen in with the idea, and the absence on active service of a sole principal means interference with the flow of retainers, and business once diverted may take long to revert to the former quarter.

A vast number of professional assistants have found employment in the multitudinous avenues of survey and valuation opened by war damage and requisitioning. Judging from the long delay in dealing with enquiries and claims incidental to these matters, the leave of absence of these temporary professional assistants should be well assured. In any event their new duties keep them in touch with the regular work of their calling, and even extend their professional experience in a useful degree. The hard lot is that of the surveyor or valuer who has to serve with a unit that is in no way related to his peace-time activities, and wherein there is little or no time for keeping himself abreast of current professional developments. The leading organisations are doing what they can to help men so unfortunately placed, particularly those young members who have still to undergo examinations for professional certificates.

Major Nunn, the principal of Messrs. Constable and Maude, and so many of his staff being on active service, Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor have undertaken to manage the business for the time being.

OFFER OF 5,500 ACRES IN HAMPSHIRE

WEST PARK, an estate of 5,500 acres at Fordingbridge, on the fringe of the New Forest, will shortly come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. R. C. Knight and Sons. It is 12 miles from Bourne-mouth and 16 from Southampton. The mansion, in the Italian style, was for a long while the seat of the Coote family, and in the middle of West Park Wood is a towering monument to Sir Eyre Coote, who became Commander-in-Chief in India after a long series of victorious campaigns under Clive.

His remains repose in Rockbourne parish church, not far from the mansion. There are 17 large farms, all with first-rate residences, many small holdings, and 1,000 acres of woodlands of a type to evoke keen competition among timber merchants. The Allen, a tributary of the Avon, winds through the estate and adds much to its beauty. Nearly the whole of the hamlet of Damerham is within the estate, and there are extensive acreages at Sandheath and Lopshill Common that are certain to commend themselves to buyers for eventual building development.

The mansion and nearly 1,000 acres of the Upton Grey House estate, at Upton Grey, having been dealt with, the executors of Mr. G. W. Hayes have just sold another part of the property, Bidden Grange Farm, 139 acres, for £3,700, and a house in Upton Grey.

An Oxford College has acquired Highfields Farm, a pasture holding at Gatesby, near Daveney. The sale was effected by the Rugby office of Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, which has also sold Fieldgate Farm, 90 acres, at Harborough Magna, near Rugby.

CROSBIE TOWER: AUCTION NEXT WEEK

THE date of the auction, by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff and Messrs. R. C. Knight and Sons, of the Crosbie Tower estate, 2,500 acres, on the Ayrshire coast, 30 miles from Glasgow, is fixed for Monday, September 1, at West Kilbride. There will be 11 lots, including the mansion, and much of the land has great prospective value when Glasgow men can again enjoy the health-giving quietude of the rising seaside resort. Mr. Jackson Stops generally manages to introduce a novel touch into his particulars of sale, and he enriches many of them with apt poetical quotations or a passage from some classical author. The Crosbie Tower booklet bears a large V and underneath it are the words “Virum volitare pro ora,” which, as Samivel Weller might have said, is a very “welcome” topicality. ARBITER.

FARMING NOTES

GETTING IN THE HARVEST

ACATCHY harvest calls for all the farmer's ingenuity. He has to seize every opportunity to press on when the winds blow dry and throw in all his forces to get the field cleared before the clouds gather and rain falls again. By the time these words appear in print we may be enjoying real harvest weather, but as I look out of the window this evening the wheat and oats in stook are a long way from rickling. These are the troubles that make the farmer a philosopher. Nothing is gained by worrying about the weather. One can only catch every opportunity to get the corn safely into the rick. Lack of labour will hinder some farms sadly unless they can get ready help from the troops that are now stationed in almost every locality. If the local commander is amenable, as most of them are, there is little difficulty in getting the help of soldiers when it is wanted. Some units undergoing intensive training cannot spare any men except in the evenings. Even so, this is a great help. The farmer who is unlucky in getting extra hands should waste no time in letting the War Agricultural Committee know, so that an official request for soldier labour can be made. The military are willing to help if they possibly can. One Somerset farmer who wanted soldiers to pull his flax could not find them locally, but thanks to the intervention of the War Agricultural Committee a party was sent by lorry from Hampshire—80 miles distant. This is hardly economical, but the flax crop was saved.

SOME farmers are making contracts already to sell large quantities of straw at £4 a ton baled. This is the new maximum price for wheat, barley and rye straw in bale. Loose straw is priced at 16s. a ton below this maximum. Oat straw is put as high as £5 a ton baled. Most of the oat straw ought to be kept on farms for feeding to livestock, but with more wheat straw and barley straw than will ever be wanted for litter, there is no reason why some should not be sold for paper-making,

which nowadays is the chief outlet for baled straw. If cereal prices are little better than those ruling last year, the extra value of the straw will help to balance the account.

IT is a reminder of the show-ring and pedigree sales to hear from Messrs. Alfred Mansell and Co. of Shrewsbury that they have recently despatched to Buenos Aires two outstanding Shropshire shearling rams from Mr. J. Gibson Whittle's flock. With them went two shearling Romney Marsh rams from Mr. Egerton Quested's flock. Let us hope that these emissaries of Britain's pedigree stock arrive safely and prove their worth, as their predecessors have done in Argentina.

FEW farmers have been slow to apply to their local food office for permits to buy extra harvest rations of cheese for their men, and incidentally themselves. Another ½ lb. of cheese a week is a great help to a man who is putting in long hours in the harvest field. For the period of harvest the farm worker is entitled to 1 lb. of cheese in all, and this goes a long way in replacing the canteen facilities which the factory worker now enjoys. The man who is now producing so much of the nation's food certainly needs proper sustenance while he is hard at it.

LORD WOOLTON is making a valiant effort to direct the commercial crop of plums into the hands of preserving firms licensed by the Ministry of Food. Control prices have been fixed and growers with more than an acre of plums are required to sell their plums either to a licensed preserver, which presumably means a jam-making firm, or through an approved selling agent. Those with less than an acre of plums are allowed to sell to retailers or consumers at the maximum prices fixed for such sales, but they must keep accurate records of their weekly sales. All this record-keeping may be necessary, but it is difficult to see what useful purpose is served. The main problem

about plums this season is the lack of them, notably in Worcestershire and Kent where the plum crop is important.

MUCH has been heard about the prime necessity of getting the utmost possible production of milk during the coming autumn and winter. Dairy farmers are continually being urged to grow all the fodder crops they can for their cattle and to make silage so that they will have on hand all the home-grown stuff their cows need. The excellent hay which is being made everywhere this summer will be a great stand-by. You can tell the quality of the hay crop in milk yields right through the subsequent winter. No amount of cake makes up for poor quality hay. By and large, the dairy farmer should start the winter well provisioned. Apart from what he has grown for his cows, he has the assurance that he will have first call on the imported concentrates, particularly protein cake, which the cows need in their production ration.

This side of the winter milk problem has been well looked after. There is another side which the authorities have neglected. The ordinary milk producer is far from satisfied with the cash returns he has been receiving this summer. The monthly chit he gets from the Milk Marketing Board still shows heavy deductions from the gross price which is quoted, and as he does not understand these calculations, he feels that somehow he is being diddled by the Government or by the Milk Marketing Board. It seems to me essential if the nation wants a full milk supply next winter that dairy farmers should be guaranteed a definite price month by month and that their minds should no longer be confused by book-keeping calculations which they cannot fathom. So far as I can understand the deductions which have been appearing on our monthly chits relate to the sums which the Ministry of Food are taking from the summer milk cheques to recoup the Government to some extent for the higher prices which are now paid for winter milk. Whatever



Time is food — **PLOUGH NOW!**



— between the stooks if possible

"The cultivation that should be done in the next few months will have a very definite effect on the yield of the harvest next year . . . Time is definitely food. We must see that not a moment is lost."

—The Minister of Agriculture, speaking in the House of Commons on July 24, 1941.

Apart from present arable, two million more acres of grassland must be ploughed to meet the nation's needs. Start NOW, or demands on available machinery will be too great next Spring. Early ploughing means early sowing and early sowing means better crops.

The Minister of Agriculture

... is anxious "that wherever circumstances warrant, farmers shall instal straw pulp plants because

next winter we shall need every bit of home-grown food obtainable to keep stock."

INFORMATION and advice on the Straw Pulp Process can be obtained from the War Agricultural Executive Committees or from any of the following straw pulp instructors:—

BEDFORDSHIRE

A. E. Davies, 10 George St. West, Luton.

BERKSHIRE

P. H. Greaser, Rayfield, Newtown Road, Newbury.
E. B. Pearce, High Tree House, Oxford Rd., Abingdon.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

N. Howard, The Leys, Thornborough.
D. J. M. Malcolm, 236 Tring Rd., Aylesbury.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

K. Butler, Minhurst, Cavendish Av., Cambridge.

CHESHIRE

M. J. Hamlyn, The Ridge, Beechfield Rd., Alderley Edge.
A. G. Parton, Glenside, Nantwich Rd., Tarporley.
C. F. Bailey, Holly Villas, Lawton, Stoke-on-Trent.

CORNWALL

C. B. Arthur, 2 Ash Park, Liskeard.

CUMBERLAND

A. C. Cross, 6 Brunswick St., Carlisle.
R. Thompson, 3 Carleton Drive, Penrith.

DERBYSHIRE

T. A. Compton, Shell-B.P. House, London Rd., Leicester.
C. N. Curry do. do.
J. H. Marriott, 2 Main Rd., Watnall, Notts.

DEVONSHIRE

J. Horne, Harbourne, Aller Vale, Kingkerswell.
C. B. Arthur, 2 Ash Park, Liskeard, Cornwall.

DORSET

G. G. Grundy, Wellencia, Monmouth Rd., Dorchester.

DURHAM

C. Ross, Houghall Farm School, Durham.
J. Stamp, East Town End Farm, Long Newton, Stockton-on-Tees.

ESSEX

W. G. Lloyd, 7 Norman Rd., Bury St. Edmunds.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

R. Barrett-Lennard, The Dell, Uley, Dursley.
R. J. Turner, Longcroft, Taynton.

HAMPSHIRE

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C. N. Curry do. do.
C. Garland, Mawthorpe, Grimoldby, Louth.

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F. W. Lock, "Haywood," Haydon, Nr. Taunton.

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J. B. Wood, "Glenroyd," Thirsk Rd., Easingwold.
W. Machin, 18 St. Peter's St., Norton Malton.

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S. Smith, 8 Hallgate, Cottingham.
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R. E. Cock, 43 Hook Rd., Goole.

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T. Greaves, "Min Awel," Llanwnda, Caernarvon.

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J. R. Thomas, "Brynnteg," Capel Bangor, Cards.

RADNORSHIRE AND BRECONSHIRE

Elwyn O. Jones, Sheephouse, Hay.

the full explanation may be, there is a sense of grave dissatisfaction among the rank and file of dairy farmers. The sooner this is put right the better.

A LOT more silage is being made this summer. There has been abundant growth in the aftermath and small siloes are to be seen on many farms where they have never appeared before. It is estimated that at least 20,000 farmers have already attended silage demonstrations this season. In Lindsey the County War Agricultural Committee runs a silage gang of four trained members of the Women's Land Army. This idea if it were developed would greatly help many small farmers who are handicapped by lack of labour and who could make silage if they had some extra help. The small can get molasses, which is an essential ingredient in modern silage-making. A number of 3cwt. packages have been made available,

and these can be bought without a permit if a written undertaking is given to the merchant that the molasses will be used only for silage-making.

THERE are far too many foxes in some districts, and as there will be no serious hunting this winter, concerted action will have to be taken to get down their numbers. Plans are being made for organised shoots with the co-operation of the local Masters of Fox Hounds. The damage which foxes do to food production is mainly confined to poultry, but at a time when the consumer is allowed no more than three eggs a month it is folly to allow Reynard the run of his teeth which must cost the country many thousands of egg rations, quite apart from the loss which the unfortunate poultry farmer suffers. In peace-time the Hunts would keep down the numbers of foxes to more or less reasonable proportions in most districts, but to-day they cannot function.

LEARNING TO DRIVE A TRACTOR

By S. P. B. MAIS

WHEN, some time ago, I saw a picture in COUNTRY LIFE of a boy of eight driving a tractor I was frankly sceptical. It may, I thought, be possible that one infant prodigy might be found to perform this miracle, but the suggestion that tractor driving is within the compass of any average small boy is absurd.

I may as well confess that the internal combustion engine baffles me. I have only

lecture beyond the fact that I had to inject oil into no fewer than 17 pockets and that the paraffin had to be turned on before the petrol to begin with, and the paraffin to be turned on again to finish with, or the other way about, I forget which. All the rest was Greek to me. I noticed that it took her a long time to crank the engine up.

When at last the roar began I had great difficulty in following her instructions because

with great difficulty and not without noise.

"Now go ahead."

We went ahead, much too fast. I stopped quickly.

"Now reverse." I reversed at a snail's pace. My guardian then left me and put up rows of tall sticks about as wide apart as the width of the tractor. She then laid down parallel lines of ropes as wide as a furrow. She came back.

"Now drive with the right wheel in the furrow through those gates."

I smashed only one gate out of six. I was very pleased with myself.

"Now reverse on to that trailer."

I reversed with the care of an engine-driver backing on to a waiting train in a station. Nothing could have been more delicate. I stopped within an eighth of an inch of the coupling-pin, but in my anxiety to look back I had forgotten to steer and was far off my course. At the third attempt I got it.

"To-morrow," she said, "we'll try you with the plough."

So on the morrow we went over to the waste lands of Frilford Heath, and after some difficulty in hitching on the plough to the tractor I set off to mark out the headland. But again I was bewildered by the preliminary lecture. There seemed to be an amazing number of levers to pull and pins to adjust in the setting of the plough.

"It's got to be set just right for the width and depth of the furrow," said my tutor. "And at the end of each furrow you have to pull this chain to lift the plough, and at the beginning of each furrow you have to pull the chain exactly as you cross the line to drop the plough—like this."

It seemed easy when she did it.

"Now you try."

I was surprised to find that the tractor guided itself. The vast front right wheel just stayed in the furrow. What bothered me was having suddenly to look back in order to pull the chain as I crossed the line.

When I let the chain go there was such a clatter that I thought that the plough had become disconnected and that the whole contraption had fallen to bits, but when I dared to look round again I was fascinated by the sight of the newly-turned brown earth glittering like a wave of the sea as it turned over. All too soon I was at the end of the furrow and had to think about turning on the headland and lifting the plough at the same time.

I gave a vigorous jerk at the chain and up came the plough and round I went. I came to the recrossing of the line, gave another jerk, there followed another crash and down she went.

I settled down to enjoy myself. I watched a pied wagtail following in the wake of the newly-turned furrow. I watched the neat rows gradually take shape under my eyes. I felt that I should like to spend the rest of my life doing nothing else but this. I had done about six furrows when suddenly I heard a yell from the girl.

"I don't want a lot of curved carriage drives. Furrows have to start and end straight. Look what you're doing."



SCHOOLBOYS BEING INSTRUCTED BY AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE IN THE DRIVING OF A TRACTOR

Note the rows of sticks between which the tractor has to be driven

once owned a car, and that was when I was at Cranwell at the end of the last war. The bravest R.A.F. officer in mess would face any danger rather than be driven by me. I took stone walls, gates and cows with equal impartiality. On my departure from Cranwell I sold for £175 what I had bought for £400, and vowed never to drive again. For 21 years I have kept this vow.

Last week I broke it.

You have heard of course of the admirable scheme of putting 4,000 public schoolboys on the land during the harvest to drive tractors. These boys were instructed in the art by some 94 undergraduates and 50 girl undergraduates of Oxford, who themselves had undergone a fortnight's intensive training under the leadership of the Director of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Engineering, Mr. S. J. Wright.

I went down to the University Rugby football ground to see this training, and, excited by what I saw, allowed myself to be lured by a frail-looking, black-haired girl of about 18 on to the iron saddle to go through my paces.

I understood very little of her preliminary

I couldn't hear what she was saying. Eventually I put my right foot down very gingerly on the clutch and waggled the lever out of neutral back into lowest gear. I then even more gingerly raised my right foot, expecting suddenly to plunge forward.

Instead there was a sudden fearful grating noise and I let go of everything. "Keep your foot on the clutch," yelled the girl, and she herself pressed the lever back harder than I with my flabby muscles was capable of doing.

"Now release the clutch," she said; and as I did so the cumbersome engine lurched very slowly forward.

"Take your foot off the clutch," she shouted.

I was entranced. This was just the pace I liked. A whole wide grass field to myself, no roar of passing traffic to distract me. I just sat and enjoyed the slow motion.

"Now turn," she said.

I made an arc of several hundred yards. I didn't want to capsize the thing.

"Now change gear. You have to stop to do that."

I stopped with ease. I changed gears

My balloon of pride was duly punctured. I began again.

After an uneventful hour during which I thought how much more restful ploughing by tractor is than sitting in a study racking one's brains over a book, I was again approached by the girl.

"Now we can start to do some real ploughing," she said. "Let me give you a lecture about ridging."

Once more she plunged into a technical talk that was again Greek to me.

But even in that short time I had made a discovery. That photograph in *COUNTRY LIFE* was accurate. So long as the tractor is working there is nothing in ploughing by tractor beyond the scope of a boy of eight, an old man of eighty or a girl of any age. I have done a good deal of horse ploughing and I love horses, but for ease and speed give me the tractor every time.

The old men who wanted to smash up the machines on the farm showed as little sense as the cotton-spinners who smashed Arkwright's spinning jenny. The machine was made for man, not man for the machine, and there is as much pride to be got out of ploughing straight furrows with a tractor as with a horse.

So if any farmer is short-handed on his tractors, send for me. It will be an ideal holiday.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR LIVESTOCK?

*As a footnote to Professor Scott Watson's article *Livestock Policy*, in our series "A Rural Charter," this letter from an experienced farmer emphasises the need and suggests the broad lines for a national *Livestock Improvement Policy*.*

SIR,—Professor Scott Watson raised many vital issues in his article on "Livestock Policy," and I should be glad if you will allow me to comment on some of these. We must all, I think, agree with his three-fold policy of a "far higher standard of animal health . . . better breeding, especially of dairy cattle . . . and adequate feeding with less reliance upon overseas supplies of feeding-stuffs." I would, however, suggest that the increased production of home-grown feeding-stuffs will be a great help in the control of disease. Temporary grass, kales and the like are not only healthy foods—and in this respect more valuable than their analyses in terms of protein and starch equivalent indicate—but they require that the plough be taken over the farm at varying intervals. In this way, many of the germs harboured by permanent grass can be destroyed, and it is probable that the incidence of, for example, contagious abortion and liver-fluke, will be reduced. There are many difficulties in ley-farming, particularly in the drier districts, but there are also possibilities, such as controlled grazing and folding of cattle on light land, which have yet to be fully explored.

It is refreshing to see the fact, that all is not well with the breeding of livestock in this country, so emphatically stated by Professor Scott Watson. We have indeed been too much inclined to rest on Bakewell's well-earned laurels, instead of trying to prove ourselves worthy of him. We do certainly produce some outstanding animals, but the average level of our dairy and dual-purpose cattle, and of our pigs, is deplorably low and shows little if any sign of improvement. The average yield of our cows is about 500 gallons and seems hardly to be increasing; that of Danish cows is about 700 gallons and has steadily increased. The average herd life of our cows is about 4 years; that of Danish cows about 7 years. "What strikes the visitor to Denmark," writes Mr. Lamartine Yates in his recent survey of food production in Western Europe, "is how few really bad cows are to be seen. This is unquestionably the result of the widespread interest in scientific breeding. Indeed, it seems almost platitudinous to emphasise, were it not so constantly for-

gotten, that the quality of a country's livestock depends on the intelligence devoted to breeding."

Why is it not more widely realised that our average level—not only of dairy cattle but also of butcher's beasts and pigs—is, frankly, uneconomic? Why have we accepted a situation in which stockbreeding remains a matter of luck, and usually of bad luck? It is indeed hardly surprising that we cannot produce either milk or meat cheaply, or that our agricultural industry, so largely dependent on livestock, has become an object of public charity.

There are, I would suggest, several answers. Few farmers know anything of even the elementary principles of genetics, and do not realise that breeding is a science as well as an art. Many blame their "luck" as they would blame the weather; others hold that what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them, an attitude of mind which makes one wonder whether what is good enough for the son would indeed have been good enough for the father. But it is idle to blame the farmers, who have had little help or encouragement from those whose business it is, or should be, to give a lead in stock improvement.

Broadly speaking, the root of the trouble lies in this: *Uniformity*—essential for the economic production of meat, milk, or motor cars—has been sacrificed by the breeders of pedigree stock to the production of a few outstanding *individuals*, capable of outstripping similar individuals in the show or sale-ring. And only too often these individuals are outstanding as regards show points rather than as milk or meat producers. There is, of course, no reason why those who have nothing better to do should not breed "fancy" cattle or pigs instead of canaries or dogs, provided that they do not pretend to be helping the farmer to improve commercial stock. But it is seldom that appearance gives any accurate indication of breeding value, since like does not by any means always produce like except in a strain that "breeds true." Meanwhile, thousands of bulls and boars are bought each year at sales, by farmers who know nothing about them apart from what they can see, and the inadequate particulars in the catalogue. It is not surprising that the results are too often disappointing—it would be surprising if they were not. But what is the farmer to do? There are few proven bulls available, since it takes 6 years to prove a bull, and it is seldom that complete records are kept

of all his progeny. And there are very few strains of stock which are "pure-bred" in the technical sense, namely that they breed true to their type. There are many which breed true to their general breed type—colour, shape of horns, general build and so forth—but few which breed true to the desired economic qualities such as stamina, fertility, quantity and quality of milk. Nothing less than true-breeding sires will improve the average level of stock.

The multiplicity of breeds of cattle, sheep and pigs in England is another question that needs impartial consideration. Not all breeds are suited to all conditions, and as Professor Scott Watson suggests, a hardy 600-gallon cow may be a much more economic proposition than a 1,200-galloner which requires pampering and which is a shy breeder. Still, it remains generally true that what with our habits and our fashions, we have too much diversity. One has only to compare the consistency of Danish with the variability of English bacon to see the value of uniformity. And as regards cattle, our dual-purpose breeds must so be improved—as a whole—that they breed true to their dual-purpose type, instead of falling between two stools and failing to satisfy dairyman or butcher.

There is a vast deal which we need to know about the inheritance of economic qualities and the fixing of the desired types. Many investigations will have to be made and costly experiments undertaken in in-breeding and other methods. Some promising work has been done by Hammond and others at Cambridge and much has been done abroad. But far less public and private money has been spent on research in the practical aspects of stock breeding than on any other branch of agriculture of comparable importance. The Institute of Animal Genetics has not made itself known to the average breeder. And since so many well-entrenched interests are involved, there is little hope of serious work among all but a few of the pedigree stock breeding community. The lead will have to come from the Ministry of Agriculture, possibly through the Agricultural Development Council.

Professor Scott Watson has mentioned the possibility of a system of veterinary panel insurance, which would indeed be invaluable to stock farmers. But would it not be feasible to enlarge the scope of this idea, to include help and advice in breeding, rearing and feeding stock? The War Agricultural Committees have proved that farmers readily avail themselves of information when it is offered by practical men—what they do not like is to be told what they should do by those who know nothing of the rough and tumble of farming conditions. If therefore it were possible to create local organisations, consisting of a few veterinary surgeons as well as men experienced in the practice and theory of stock management, a great advance would, in my opinion, be made. And such organisations, instead of multiplying the already formidable numbers of officials with whom we have to deal would, in actual fact, reduce them. They could and should carry out the functions of milk recording, calf marking, bull licensing, fat stock grading, pig recording, progeny recording and so forth. They would also administer the Milk and Dairies Order, look after the Attested, T.T. and Accredited herds in their districts, and take over from the police the work connected with notifiable diseases. But still more important, they could act as bull societies, and thus make available to the farmers services by proven sires, either by artificial insemination or by keeping stock bulls. It would thus be possible—I am of course only suggesting the broad outlines of a scheme—to carry out a real livestock improvement policy. Such a scheme would require considerable assistance from the Government at first, but should later be able to finance itself.—E. R. COCHRANE, *Fresden, Highworth, Wiltshire.*



A COUNTRY SHOW. "Uniformity . . . has been sacrificed by breeders to the production of a few outstanding individuals for show or sale-ring."

"The ploughman homeward plods..."



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A CARIBOU HUNT ON ICE

By G. H. KENNARD

WITH the harvest in and the autumn round-up over, my brother and I decided to have a try for caribou which the Siwashes (Indians) said could be found in the densely timbered ground some three days' packing from the ranch. This was in the Chilcote district of British Columbia 200 miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Just as we were preparing to start, a young chap, whom I will call X, turned up and begged to be allowed to join us; he had been staying at a neighbouring ranch and had heard of our plan. We said "All right"—rather ungraciously I fear. It soon became obvious that he knew nothing about pack-ponies, packing or shooting. However, he was a cheerful soul, though a bit of a nuisance.

I rounded up and caught the horses while V and X prepared the packs. We had arranged to pick up two Siwashes named Bellacoola and Anai at a ranch some 50 miles away, but more or less in the right direction. About 30 miles from our ranch was a good camping place which we expected to reach before dark, but, owing to X's inability to throw a diamond hitch, the kitchen pony's pack slipped, and, though usually a sedate little beast, he resented the camp kettle and frying-pan being between his legs and disposed of the whole outfit with one stupendous buck. It was during the repacking that we discovered that the bacon and beans had been left behind, and a sack of flour with a tin of lard was all we had.

By this time it was getting dark and we were nearly 30 miles from home; also we were very hungry. But I had a brain-wave. A little farther on I knew there was a small lake which at that time of year was a favourite place for Canada geese—so "Come on, boys, goose for supper." A bad snag, though, was that we had only rifles—no shotgun! I had a Westley Richards 450, my brother a Winchester 45-90, and X something he had borrowed or found on a rubbish heap.

V and I told X quite firmly to stay with the horses, and crept stealthily to a rock overlooking the lake. Sure enough, there were seven geese, one of them a whopper, about 120yds. away and quite unsuspecting. We decided which to shoot at and I whispered "Are you ready?" "Yes." "Fire." The whopper remained, but our supper was not yet in the bag. A bullet had cut along the top of his back, and though he could not fly he could certainly swim all right. As V was the best swimmer it was obviously his job to do retrieve, but the goose beat him easily and I had to blow its head off at 10yds. range. Poor V, the lake had ice on it!

And so to camp and roast goose. As it twisted round on a string before a roaring fire, it smelt marvellous, but to eat it was impossible. I would not have thought any bird could have been so tough. What age do geese live to? Anyway, we chewed and chewed and spat and spat. Next morning we got a young mule deer and buried the memory of that goose in venison. Bellacoola and Anai were ready and waiting—Bellacoola on a grey horse, which, he said, was a great help when hunting caribou, as, unless warned by the wind, caribou would often come right up to a grey horse, mistaking it for a fellow deer. I found this to be true, as a day or two later while our cavalcade was trekking through the dense timber, a bull caribou suddenly appeared trotting straight towards us about 20yds. away. Of course, he realised his mistake and was gone before any of us could get out a rifle.

The rancheree was in open rolling grassland, but we soon got into the real timber country, and here our Indians proved their worth. Bellacoola was a delightful person, always cheerful, and had a wonderful sense of geography. When we were groping our way through almost impenetrable forest and hauling our ponies over gigantic fallen timber, he would often say "Good road this place," and I suppose to him there was some indication that a primeval man had passed that way. But to a decadent white man there was nothing but gigantic firs, from the branches of which hung depressing streamers of moss. As it was October (the Indian

summer) the weather at first was still and sunny, though very cold at night. We had a little A tent (meant for one person) and, luckily, a huge buffalo robe which I had bought in Quebec. In and on these V, X and I slept; Bellacoola and Anai rolled up in their sweaty saddle-blankets outside. The sunny weather broke before we got home, and there was a heavy fall of snow which made the nights rather uncomfortable as we three whites struggled to keep on the buffalo robe and away from the sides of the frozen tent.

On the third day Bellacoola announced that there were indications of "hiyu" (many) caribou and that there were some large swamps on which we should be sure to find them. So X went off with Anai, and V and I with Bellacoola. Getting the wind right, we tied up our ponies and reconnoitred the first swamp. Sure enough, in the middle of the open ground, which was perhaps a quarter of a mile across, was a herd of some twenty caribou—four or five bulls and the rest cows. One of the bulls had a really fine head and a second had a nice head too. They were quite unsuspecting, so V and I drew lots for first shot, which I won.

The bull I had my eye on was in very close attendance on a cow, and, although they were only about 200yds. away, I decided to try to get nearer, though this was not easy, as the pools were frozen and it was difficult to crawl without breaking brittle ice and making a lot of noise. However, I managed to get within

The next morning we went off with the pack ponies to fetch in the meat and my brother's trophy. No bears or wolves had found the meat, so we set to work skinning and cutting up, laughing and talking over my miserable performance, when I chanced to look up and to my amazement saw a line of at least 50 caribou watching us some 100yds. away. Hissing "Look, caribou!" I rushed and got my rifle, which was in slings on my saddle. But X got his first and started firing. It was the funniest thing I ever saw. He simply fired into the air as fast as he could work the lever of his ancient Winchester. He might have been at a hot corner of high pheasants. Certainly no bullet went within 50yds. of the caribou.

That great band of caribou with their forest of antlers was a fine sight, though I really couldn't say whether there were any big heads, as I turned away to get my rifle after the first glance and by the time I had loaded they were galloping away, and there was no chance for a worth-while shot. We had caribou tongue, beans and bacon for supper, but during the night the weather broke and when I looked out of the tent at daybreak two mounds of snow were all that could be seen of Bellacoola and Anai. On my shouting at them the mounds rose with a crackling of frozen horse-blankets, but they were quite cheerful. It was hard going back to the ranch, and I was much disappointed at not getting a good head, but V's bull hangs in the hall in Dorsetshire to remind us of our



IN THE CARIBOU COUNTRY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

about 120yds. and waited for a clear shot at my big bull, but they were rather uneasy, so I risked a shot, although the cow was not clear of the big chap. But she moved right across as I pulled; I hit her in the shoulder and missed the bull. As he galloped off I fired again and missed.

Bellacoola ran up and together we went after the cow, which was disappearing into the high timber. She was obviously hard hit and moving slowly, but the going was very bad and I fell down several times before we got up to her standing by a fallen tree. And then I found that all my spare cartridges had fallen out of my pocket. A nice state of affairs! Of course, although a female caribou has horns, they are useless as a trophy, but we wanted the meat badly and my brother had disappeared, having, as he afterwards told me, hit his bull hard, though it went some distance before dropping. What was to be done?

I gave Bellacoola my hunting knife and told him to attract the animal's attention while I slipped in from behind and got hold of her horns. If I got a fair hold he was to dash in and stick her in the right place. Luckily it came off, and Bellacoola made no mistake, but it was a horrid business and I was thoroughly ashamed of myself.

We found V with a nice bull. As it was getting dark, we decided to leave the skinning and cutting up until the next day and returned to camp, where we found X very tired and disappointed, having missed two good chances.

first caribou hunt. I never saw X again after our return, but I don't think he would ever be a successful big-game hunter, unless he had a Bren gun and a dose of bromide to steady him before opening fire.

Although this is an account of a caribou hunt, I may say that a few days before starting after caribou I got my only bear, an enormous cinnamon, which I believe was really a grizzly. It was an amazing bit of luck. Three of us, the foreman of the ranch, an old Siwash and I, had ridden up to a swamp meadow some fifteen miles away where we had stacked a lot of hay for winter cattle-feed. As we rode out of the surrounding timber the Siwash jumped off his horse and, grabbing his old Winchester rifle from the saddle, said "Bear." I had not got a rifle, but wasn't going to be done out of my first chance at a bear, so I nipped after old Bones, as he was called, collared his rifle and told him that I would attend to the matter.

We ran through the edge of the timber until we were close to the hay-stacks and hut, and there, playing with the moving machine which had broken down and which we had come to repair and take away, was a very big brown bear. The wind was right and, having got within 30yds. of him, I gave him four shots. I think the first was in the right place, but from what I had heard of these chaps it seemed wise to make sure.

Though I several times got so close to bears that I could hear them feeding on the "service berry" bushes, I never got another shot.



This is
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SOLUTION to No. 604

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of August 22, will be announced next week.



ACROSS.

1. They should be valley birds if they do (10)
6. A fish from uncharted waters (4)
9. The sort of head gale that will throw you off your balance (10)
10. What man inevitably does—in 7, according to Shakespeare (4)
12. Her name means peace (5)
13. Saxon king (9)
- 14 and 16. Despite its name you may also come across it on your way back from the Highlands (two words, 5, 6)
- 20 and 21. Not the way our men returned from leave during the last war (three words, 4, 2, 5)
25. Where (or how?) in Yorkshire they curse a housewife for her bad curing (9)
26. 1000501100 (5)
27. One of Jane's heroines (4)
28. To fill a musical interval, so to speak (10)

DOWN.

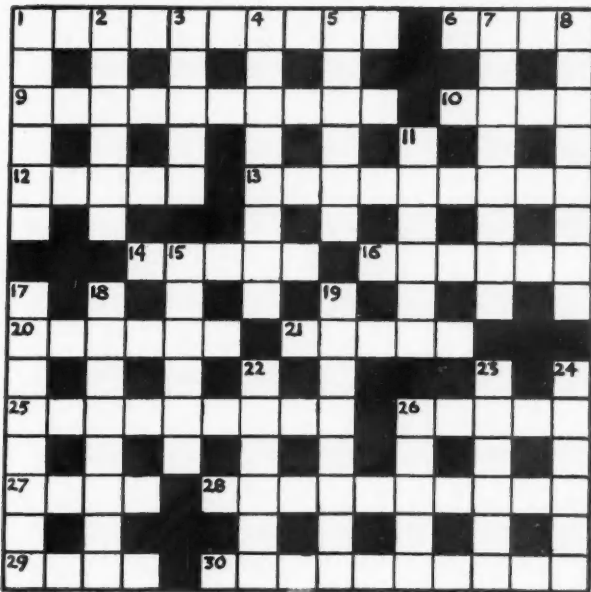
- 1 and 24. Marlborough or Wellington, for instance (two words, 6, 6)
2. Nowadays it usually does the binding, too (6)
3. This finder is not a mountain explorer (5)
4. "Ted's cart" (anagr.) (8)
5. The ray turns out to be of terrestrial origin (6)
7. The flow always precedes it (two words, 4, 4)
8. Nets tangled in reed are not popular (8)
11. Name of a coin that is no longer put on it (6)
15. Beginning (6)
17. Bare need may come out of this city (8)
18. One from 17, for example (8)
19. Stone upon stones (8)
22. One of nine bright ones (6)
23. Not the same as 22, though it may give the wearer a dazzling appearance at 24 (6)
24. See 1 down
26. Of cocks or bees (5)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 605

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 605, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, Sept. 4, 1941.

The winner of
Crossword No. 603 is
Violet Lady Beaumont,
Stavordale Priory,
Wincanton.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 605



Name.....

Address

COLOUR AND CLOTHES



PALE GREY FELT BERET ACCOMPANYING A YOUNG-LOOKING GREY FLANNEL SUIT AND ORANGE LINEN BLOUSE

THE book is "somewhere in England" stored with many of my other belongings, but I do remember R. L. Stevenson in a story describing a room in which the light fell "so poorly and badly" over all that it gave it the appearance of being more wretchedly furnished than it was, and I am convinced that, if light can furnish or unfurnish a room, colour can actually chill or warm it.

From that it is not a very long step to the thought that women who wear clothes of charming colour suited to their settings—and of course to themselves—do something quite definite towards making the world a more attractive place for the rest of us.

With this thought in mind I turned to Miss Lucy (Harewood Place, W.1)—for I know no *couturière* who is more interested in colour—and chose from her collection the charming clothes shown on this page. I think that they quite bear out my statement as to her excellent use of colour. The pale grey and orange scheme shown with the *beret* is very original, and, by the bye, the blouse can be had either in silk or uncrushable linen and is of the most lovely clear and yet tender shade. Frog green and hazel brown, though less uncommon, are an equally good combination and particularly suggested for country wear with one of those check jackets of which every woman seems to possess an example. The blouse here is of thin woollen material.

Camellia-coral, the colour of the woollen dress shown at the bottom of the page, is something quite new, and there is no better way of describing it than its name. But it is not the only original thing about this dress, which is a two-piece, the skirt charmingly cut and with gussets at the hem to give fullness, while the bodice has a yoke at the back and a wide sash of the same material, into both of which it is softly gathered. From the side seams the bodice is tucked into the front of the

Needlework in War-time: The Garden and Economy

By ISABEL CRAMPTON

skirt and the sash brought round and tied according to the individual whim of the wearer. I cannot imagine anything more likely on a winter's day to cheer "this grey world's cold" than the ideal wearer—and it would suit the fair or the dark and even the young-looking grey-haired—in such a frock. Of course in other colours it would achieve other effects.

I once heard a very beautiful and beloved woman who had endured many anxieties and disappointments say that needlework had kept her sane—she had stitched her troubles into her seams. Quite a lot of women must be feeling like that to-day, feeling too that not merely sewing but sewing with intelligence and application and improving craftsmanship, is what will meet their needs. For them I should like to mention the excellent effort that the Royal School of Needlework (Exhibition Road, S.W.7) is making to help in this direction. Correspondence lessons on subjects including remodelling, dressmaking and renovating, besides the more usual ones such as embroidery, have been initiated. For a group of 20 members the yearly subscription is £5 and for an individual a guinea. "Suggestions for teaching beginners and convalescents" will be a subject



A FROG GREEN SPORTS FELT WITH HAZEL BROWN BAND WORN WITH A CRAVAT SHIRT TO MATCH

most valuable to the woman who works among the sick or disabled men of the Forces.

All of us who have gardens know too well how in years of peace a good deal of what we grow is wasted. All our neighbours have crowded gardens at the same time: no one wants our surplus. Lettuces shoot, runner beans grow stringy and peas harden. This year none of these things must be. Boiled lettuce is as good as spinach, and the use of it will save for later use the other storeable vegetables.

Runner beans are easily saved: let any obvious moisture dry off them, string them—if very large break them up—put a layer of salt in the bottom of a jar and then a layer of beans, then another of salt in the proportion of one pound of salt to three of beans. More of both can be added as the beans settle down in the jar. Press the beans gently but firmly down as you add them. Finish with a good thick layer of dry salt and tie down with a piece of paper. Store in a cool place. When you wish to use the beans wash the salt out of them in several waters and soak for two hours before boiling, or, alternatively, wash them several times in warm water and then cook without salt. They are best if picked young and tender. Spare peas and broad beans should be dropped into boiling water for two or three minutes, drained well and then, if there is time, "popped" out of their skins. They should then be spread out—on muslin on a wire tray for instance—and dried in a temperature not higher than 150° Fahr. until crisp. If an oven is used the door should be left open to allow the escape of moisture. They may be dried on the warmest shelf of an airing cupboard or the top of a hot-water tank so long as the door is left open, or on the plate-rack of gas cooker or kitchen range. Afterwards they should be left for 12 hours to cool off and then be packed in paper bags and stored in jars or tins.



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